SAVE FILM

FINAL SCRIPT

SAVE YOUR JOB

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

THE BODY SNATCHER

Screen Play

by

Philip MacDonald

OCTOBER 16, 1944

RKO RADIO PICTURES

presents

THE BODY SNATCHER

BORIS KARLOFF as John Gray
HENRY DANIELL as Dr. McFarland
BELA LUGOSI as Joseph
RUSSELL WADE as Dr. Donald Fettes
EDITH ATWATER as Meg Camden
RITA CORDAY as Mrs. Marsh
SHARYN MOFFETT as Georgina Marsh
DONNA LEE as The Street Singer
ROBERT CLARKE as Richardson
CARL KENT as Gilchrist
BILL WILLIAMS as A Medical Student
JACK WELCH as the Boy
LARRY WHEAT as the Salesman
MARY GORDON as Mrs. McBride
JIM MORAN as the Horse Trader
INA CONSTANT as the Maid

Directed by Robert Wise
Screenplay by Philip MacDonald and Carlos Keith*
Based on the story by Robert Louis Stevenson
Produced by Val Lewton
Executive Producer: Jack L. Gross
Music: Roy Webb
Musical Director: C. Bakaleinikoff
Songs: We'd Better Bide A Wee
When Ye Gang Awa'
Jamie
Will Ye No Come Back Again
Sung by the Street Singer

The Spit Song
Sung by the Boy

Bonnie Dundee
Sung by a male quartet

Photography: Robert De Grasse
Art Directors: Albert D'Agostino and Walter E. Keller
Set Decorators: Darrell Silvera & John Sturtevant
Editor: J.R. Whitredge
Costumes by Renee
Asst. Director: Harry Scott
Sound Recorded by Bailey Fesler
Re-recording by Terry Kellum
Release Date: May, 1945
Running Time: 74 minutes

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

"THE BODY SNATCHER"

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Philip MacDonald

FADE IN

THE MAIN AND CREDIT TITLES are IMPOSED ON a mezzotint of Edinburgh castle viewed from the Causeway. When the last credit title dissolves

DISSOLVE TO

STOP FRAME of STOCK SHOT showing Edinburgh castle. Over this is a title:

EDINBURGH - 1831

With the DISSOLVE of the words the stock shot comes to life with a carriage coming toward the CAMERA.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

1 FULL SHOT - Down the lonely, almost deserted street comes a cab drawn by a bony white horse. This black and sepulchral vehicle passes through the long shadows and sharp gleams of the late afternoon sun. On the box, hunched over, almost lost in the folds of his triple-caped overcoat and with a battered beaver on his head, is the cabman. The horse pleds along, his hoof beats echoing with a hollow sound in the narrow street. At the corner the vehicle turns left.

EXT. GRAYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

2 The black cab drawn by the white horse goes slowly past a little cemetery. The driver turns his head and looks down as he goes past.

3 From his ANGLE, but not a MOVING SHOT, a pleasant little graveyard with mossy gravestones; old turf making a spot of green between the gray walls of the kirk and the blank stone wall of a large building.

(CONTINUED)

nm

3 (CONTINUED)

Seated on a table stone is young Donald Fettes, a poor medical student, dressed in worn neat clothing with only a woolen scarf about his neck for warmth. He sits in such scanty sunlight as he can find, munching on a cold bannock and washing it down with thin ale from a round stone bottle.

4 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes. In the closer view it can be seen that he is looking at a small Cairn terrier who lies morosely guarding a newly-made grave. The dog, with his head down between his forepaws, occasionally glances over apprehensively at the young student. Fettes takes a bit of his bannock between thumb and forefinger and leans forward toward the dog.

FETTES
Here, -- here's a bit of something for you.

The dog does not stir. Fettes leans further forward almost putting the morsel of food to the dog's nose. The dog growls savagely. Fettes draws back.

FETTES (cont'd)
Now, now, laddie -- I only wanted to be friendly.

It is at this moment that a shadow falls athwart him and looms up in the afternoon sunlight against the wall behind him. He looks up.

5 ANOTHER ANGLE - Fettes looking over as Mrs. MacBride, a plump, motherly woman of middle-age, with a Tartan shawl over her head and carrying a panniken of water and a bone with some meat on it, comes through the gate. She crosses over to the little dog, puts the water before him and starts shredding little pieces of meat from the bone to feed to him. The dog laps avidly at the water, then gratefully takes the morsels of meat she gives him.

6 MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes and Mrs. MacBride.

MRS. MACBRIDE
He'll not leave the grave -- not since Wednesday last when we buried the lad.

FETTES
Your son, ma'am? He must have been a fine boy for the wee dog to love him so.

(CONTINUED)

nm

6 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. MacBride nods.

MRS. MACBRIDE
A great, kind lad, he was -- gentle with all little things like Robbie.

She pauses, sighs and then goes on.

MRS. MACBRIDE (cont'd)
Now I can't get the dog to leave here. Perhaps it is for the best. I've not money enough to afford a grave watcher.

FETTES
(looking about)
Not much danger here, ma'am, I wouldn't think -- right here in the heart of Edinburgh.

MRS. MACBRIDE
They're uncommon bold, the grave robbers -- and the daft doctors who drive them on.

FETTES
(a little uncomfortable; feeling he has to make the admission)
I'm by way of being a medical myself.

MRS. MACBRIDE
A doctor?

FETTES
A student. I'm studying under Dr. MacFarlane -- that is, I've been studying until today --

He starts to get up. At this moment in the street can be heard the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs and the rattle of iron wheels on the cobblestones. On the ground and gravestones appears and passes the monstrous shadow of a horse and cab, angular and distorted, the driver's shadow hunched and evil, now going from left to right.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

7 LONG SHOT - a typical street scene of the time. A dog cart drawn by a smart tandem passes. It is driven by a young buck of the period; top-hatted, dandified, his whip held at a just-so angle. On the sidewalk, a group of small boys follow a recruiting sergeant of the Seaforth Highlanders. A drummer walks at his heels. He stops at a wooden "Charlie", the rough police booth of that day, and begins to tack up his posters. The boys crowd around to watch. One of them backs up to a little trundle cart and surreptitiously filches a piece of the shortbread being sold from this portable store. At the other side of the "Charlie" stands a street singer, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, dressed in ragged Highland plaid. She is singing an old border ballad about two crows who sit waiting to pick the dead eyes of a fallen knight. A shepherd, crook in hand, and faithfully attended by two handsome collies, stops a moment to hear her song, drops some coppers into the begging bowl she holds in her hand, then passes on.

Through the consonance of the street singer's song comes the dissonant beat of a horse's hoofs, the racking clatter of iron-shod wheels and then between the singer and the CAMERA there passes, very close, the white horse and the black cab. As it blocks her out of the scene

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. MACFARLANE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

8 FULL SHOT - Before the imposing edifice which houses Dr. MacFarlane's living quarters as well as his school of anatomy, the cab, drawn by the white horse, pulls up. The driver begins to alight from the box. He climbs down, and starts for the cab door.

9 CLOSE SHOT - Gray as he opens the door. Gray is a man of middle years with keen, darting eyes set in a face lined and furrowed by an evil life. The quick play of his features as he talks or smiles can form a moving and deceptive mask. So that now as he opens the door, smiling, to help his passengers alight, his face is cringing with good humor and servility.

From the cab steps a young and lovely woman dressed in becoming widow's weeds. This is Mrs. Marsh. She reaches the sidewalk, turns back for the other occupant of the cab. This is a little girl of about eight, dressed in a flower-sprigged Kate Greenway gown and a poke bonnet to match. Gray forestalls her.

GRAY
I'll get it, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

He touches his hat respectfully, reaches in and brings out a tiny wheel-chair, which he sets down. He reaches in again and takes the child up in his arms.

GRAY (cont'd)
(as he picks her up)
Come, little miss. Cabman Gray'll carry you safe enough.

With the child in his arms he starts toward his horse's head, talking as he goes.

GRAY (cont'd)
Give my horse a pat. He knows every little girl in Edinburgh. Some day when you're runnin' and playin' in the street he'll nicker at ye as we go by.

10 CLOSE SHOT - The horse, Gray, and the little girl.

GEORGINA
I can't run and play.

GRAY
I'd forgotten that, lassie. All the more reason for Friend here bidding you a good-day.

Georgina smiles and pats the horse's nose.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - Featuring Mrs. Marsh as she smiles watching Gray and the child. He turns back toward her.

MRS. MARSH
Would you mind carrying her up the steps?

Mrs. Marsh reaches for the wheel-chair.

12 FULL SHOT - Mrs. Marsh takes the wheel-chair up the two steps. Gray follows carrying the child. He sets the child tenderly in the wheel-chair, smiling as he does so.

GRAY
Back in your own wee cab.

GEORGINA
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

In the meantime, Mrs. Marsh has fumbled through her purse for change. She hands this to Gray. He takes the money with his right hand, then removes his hat with his left hand, bobs his forelock with the right in a series of quick obsequious gestures.

GRAY
Thank ye, ma'am. Thank ye.
(to Georgina)
You watch sharp, little miss for my horse to give you a "hello."

13 CLOSE SHOT - Georgina looking at Gray with great pleased eyes. This has made a definite impression on her.

EXT. MACFARLANE'S HOUSE - DAY

14 Mrs. Marsh has used the door knocker. Now in response the door is opened by a handsome woman of thirty-five, Meg Cameron.

MRS. MARSH
I would like to see Dr. MacFarlane.

Meg gives Mrs. Marsh a quick look and then turns to look at Gray. A glance passes between them; a glance which tells of previous acquaintance, yet neither speaks. He turns and goes down the steps. Silently, Meg opens the door and allows Mrs. Marsh to push Georgina's wheel chair through into the hall.

INT. MACFARLANE'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

15 Georgina's wheel chair is pushed into this gloomy and forbidding entry. Meg closes the door behind them, then without further word, strides down the hall. Mrs. Marsh and the little girl wait and look around.

16 CLOSE SHOT - Georgina. With great wide eyes the child looks around at the antlered stag head, the cruel-looking walking sticks in the umbrella stand and the light-footed Mercury with caduceus upraised. The caduceus throws its patterned shadow across the child's face.

17 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Georgina and Mrs. Marsh. Mrs. Marsh sees the fright in the child's face and reassuringly pats her shoulder. There is the sound of a door opening and they both look off in that direction.

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18 MED. FULL SHOT - The doorway to the sitting room, SHOOTING PAST Georgina and her mother. Framed in this doorway is the tall, robust figure of Dr. Douglas MacFarlane, a man in the prime of life, dressed with almost flamboyant foppishness and carrying himself with the assurance that the world is not only his oyster, but that he has it pinned on a fork and can swallow it and digest it with pleasure.

19 THREE SHOT - Georgina, Mrs. Marsh and Dr. MacFarlane.

MRS. MARSH
(rising)
Dr. MacFarlane?

He half bows in acknowledgment.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
I'm Mrs. Marsh -- this is my daughter -- Georgina.

She fumbles in her reticule and pulls forth an unsealed letter which she passes to the doctor.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
Dr. Maximillian of Leyden asked me to present this to you. He thought you might examine my little girl.

While she is speaking, Dr. MacFarlane has opened the missive.

MACFARLANE
(as he reads)
Maximillian -- a very famous colleague of mine. I'm delighted to honor his request.

With an expansive gesture he points to a door. Mrs. Marsh pushes the wheel chair toward the living room door.

20 DOLLY SHOT - the entrance to the sitting room.

MACFARLANE
(over the child's head to Mrs. Marsh)
Born paralyzed?

The little girl shrinks from him at the bluntness of this question.

MRS. MARSH
No. It was an accident.

INT. SITTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

21 Although it is late afternoon the lamps have been lit in this part of the house. Mrs. Marsh wheels the chair into the middle of the room and then stands to one side so that Dr. MacFarlane can examine the child. Meg Cameron stands by the window.

MACFARLANE
Was the paralysis immediate?

MRS. MARSH
No, Doctor. She seemed to get better, then about six months later she began to complain of pain in her back --

MACFARLANE
How long after that was the paralysis complete?

MRS. MARSH
Nearly a year.

MACFARLANE
Any attacks of pain since?

MRS. MARSH
Yes, Doctor.

MACFARLANE
Is her pain sporadic or constant?

MRS. MARSH
It comes at intervals. They used to be months apart -- but they've been growing more frequent --
(catch in her voice)
much more frequent.

MACFARLANE
(directly to Georgina)
See here, child, when you have this pain in your back, where is it?

GEORGINA
(setting her jaw)
I don't know.

MACFARLANE
Point to where it hurts. You can at least do that, can't you?

(CONTINUED)

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21 (CONTINUED)

GEORGINA
I don't know.

MACFARLANE
(angrily, to Mrs. Marsh)
This is useless, ma'am.

He leaves the sentence unfinished and goes toward the center of the room. Mrs. Marsh leans down beside the chair.

22 TWO SHOT - Mrs. Marsh and Georgina.

MRS. MARSH
Please, darling, don't be so stubborn.

Georgina darts a glance in MacFarlane's direction.

GEORGINA
(whispering)
Mother -- he frightens me.

23 MED. FULL SHOT - the door in the background. There is a soft rap at the door and then almost immediately it opens and Fettes comes in. He looks about, sees the doctor busily engaged with a beautiful young woman and a sick child. He is embarrassed and tries to withdraw.

FETTES
Excuse me, Dr. MacFarlane --

MACFARLANE
Come in, boy -- come in.

Fettes closes the door behind him and stands rather shyly, not knowing what to do or say.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Perhaps you can do something with this young lady. I can't get an aye, yes, or no out of her.

FETTES
(protesting)
But, Doctor, I only wanted to speak to you --

MACFARLANE
(interrupting)
Come - it's a chance to try out your bedside manner, Fettes. Take a look at the child.

Fettes walks shyly up to the child.

24 TWO SHOT - Fettes and Georgina. Fettes stands abashed and awkward before the clear-eyed glance of the little invalid. He smiles at her. The child smiles back.

GEORGINA
Are you a doctor, too?

FETTES
Not yet.

GEORGINA
You'll be a good doctor. I know all about doctors.

Fettes smiles.

FETTES
That's a nice chair you have.

He pushes it. It rolls a little.

FETTES (cont'd)
Useful, too. Where did you get it? It isn't English, is it?

GEORGINA
(studying him)
What you really want to ask me is about my back, isn't it -- about where it hurts?

FETTES
Why, yes.

GEORGINA
Well --

She leans forward and reaches around with one hand.

GEORGINA (cont'd)
It's sort of all around here -- then down my legs -- it aches as if I had been walking an awfully long way --
(looking up at Fettes)
That's funny, isn't it -- because I can't walk at all.

FETTES
Would you mind very much if I lifted you --
(pointing to a table in the other room)
-- onto that table in there?

(CONTINUED)

She holds out her arms to him. Fettes lifts her up and carries her into the other room.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mrs. Marsh and MacFarlane watching Fettes and the child. They stand in the f.g. talking together while in the other room Fettes puts the child down on her stomach, opens her dress and examines her.

MACFARLANE
Child seems to take to the lad. What sort of an accident was it, Ma'am?

MRS. MARSH
A carriage overturned. My husband was killed and Georgina was hurt.

MACFARLANE
How long ago?

MRS. MARSH
Three years.

FETTES
(calling from the other room)
Dr. MacFarlane --

MACFARLANE
(to Mrs. Marsh)
Excuse me.

He strides forward. Mrs. Marsh remains where she is.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

25 MacFarlane comes into the scene, bends over and examines the little girl's back. He feels the spine with first one hand, then the other. He nods to Fettes and turns away. Fettes begins to button up the little girl's dress.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

26 MacFarlane is walking back to where Mrs. Marsh stands. In the b.g. Fettes can be seen as he buttons up the little girl's dress, picks her up in his arms and brings her back to the wheel chair. MacFarlane comes over to Mrs. Marsh.

27 TRUCKING SHOT on MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
Mog, give Fettes a hand there -- help him wheel the little girl into the hall.

28 TWO SHOT - Mrs. Marsh and MacFarlane. She is looking at him anxiously; waiting to hear his verdict. He glances at Dr. Maximillian's letter before speaking.

MACFARLANE
(tapping the letter in his hand)
It seems that Dr. Maximillian is right. The violence of the accident must have disturbed the tissues and caused a traumatic tumor -- a sort of growth that presses against the nerve centers.

MRS. MARSH
But can anything be done for her?

MACFARLANE
Perhaps -- a delicate operation -- an operation which has never been performed -- but it could be performed. I'm sure it could be -- I could incise the columna dorsi --

He is quite excited as he speaks, almost as if challenging himself. Mrs. Marsh's interruption is ill-timed. It stops him in full tide of self-persuasion.

MRS. MARSH
(eagerly)
And you will try -- you will operate?

29 CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. He is silent; thinking.

30 MED. FULL SHOT. MacFarlane silently turns away from Mrs. Marsh and goes to his desk. Having reached it, he turns and faces her again.

MACFARLANE
Not I, Madame.

She starts toward him impulsively as if to plead with him.

MRS. MARSH
But, Doctor, in Leyden -- in Paris -- wherever I've taken Georgina -- they've mentioned your name. I've come to think of you as our only hope.

MacFarlane looks at her, takes a step closer to her and speaks very sincerely.

30 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
Believe me, Madame, if I were only a doctor, I would undertake this operation at once. But I'm more dominie than doctor -- I've a school to run.

MRS. MARSH
But, Doctor, surely in a case like this -- a child -- a little child who can never walk or run --

MACFARLANE
I regret it, Ma'am, but I have the responsibility of training thirty other doctors to attend a thousand children like your own.

MRS. MARSH
There's nothing I can say for one small child?

MACFARLANE
I'm not heartless, Ma'am. I have every sympathy for you and for the little girl, but if I were to consent to every operation brought to me, I'd have no time for teaching -- and that's a great responsibility upon me, Ma'am -- a great responsibility.

They have reached the door. He bows in dismissal, and Mrs. Marsh exits. As she leaves, Fettes passes her coming from the hallway.

31 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane as he turns back into the room.

MACFARLANE
(to Fettes)
Well, Fettes -- what was it you wanted to see me about?

32 MED. TWO SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane.

FETTES
(shyly)
I'm afraid I'll have to give up medicine, Dr. MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
(booming)
You're made for a doctor, young man!

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

FETTES
I'm afraid I have to, sir. You see, my father is vicar at Thrums -- it's a small parish -- not much of a living --

MACFARLANE
(after thinking this over a moment; very sincerely)
You're too good a man, Fettes -- I'll not let you quit.
(with a sudden thought)
I'll make an assistant of you -- that'll pay your keep and your tuition, too --

FETTES
I thought only the best students were made assistants.

MACFARLANE
Well? And are you not a good student?

FETTES
(getting the idea)
But Richardson?

MACFARLANE
Richardson is a fine student. He's got a glib tongue, but you'll be a better doctor, Fettes. Come along now --

He links his arm through Fettes' and starts toward the door leading to the stairs.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
-- let's get to the anatomy room -- I'll explain your new duties.

They have reached the door. Meg is standing there. As MacFarlane and Fettes start to pass her, Meg puts her hand on the doctor's arm. He pauses.

MEG
A word with you, Dr. MacFarlane.

MacFarlane motions Fettes to proceed into the other room He closes the door behind him.

MEG (cont'd)
You're not having Fettes for your assistant?

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
And why not? He's a good lad -- bright and able.

MEG
Aye. He's a good lad. That's why I ask you, MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
You think it'll spoil the boy, eh? Was I not assistant to Knox?

MEG
(thoughtfully)
Aye--

MACFARLANE
Did it spoil me, Meg, my lass?

She looks directly at him without answering. MacFarlane grows uneasy.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(walking up to her, putting one arm around her shoulders. and tilting up her chin with his other hand)
It will do the boy no harm.

He kisses her off-handedly. She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him with fierce passion. He releases himself, goes on into the next room.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

33 The anatomy room is dim. Long level bars of light come through the wide windows to illuminate the bare austerity of this classroom. The long rows of tables have a sombre and empty look. Everything is meticulously clean.

At one of the tables is the hunched, dark and evil figure of Joseph, the janitor of the school. He is engaged in rubbing the surface of a marble-topped table. The door on the landing opens. MacFarlane and Fettes come through. MacFarlane still has his arm linked through that of his young friend and is listening to Fettes' gratitude with evident pleasure.

FETTES
-- all my gratitude, sir -- I can never express it...

34 MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane as they descend the stairs.

MACFARLANE
(lightly)
There'll be satisfaction enough for me to know I've trained the great Dr. Fettes.

35 MED. SHOT to include Joseph in the f.g. and Fettes and MacFarlane as they reach the floor level of the anatomy room. Joseph, continuing his work, casts a sidelong glance at the doctor and student. It is evident he is listening to every word they say.

MACFARLANE
Now -- as to your duties. It is up to you to keep the accounts and to distribute the specimens to the students. Also, inasmuch as you'll be living in the house --

He looks over and glances at Joseph and having noticed that Joseph is eavesdropping, breaks off short.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(to Joseph)
Joseph --

Joseph looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
What are you doing, sneaking about here like a Redskin? Make a little noise, man. Let people know you're about --

JOSEPH
(meekly)
Yes, Doctor -- yes.

MACFARLANE
-- otherwise I might get the idea you are trying to spy on me.

He takes Fettes' arm again and leads him off toward the other end of the anatomy room. The two medicals go out of earshot, with Joseph in the f.g.

INT. THE ALCOVE - LATE AFTERNOON

36 This is a small out-cropping of the main room set a few feet lower in level. At one end is a heavy curtain of green baize.

37 MED. FULL SHOT. MacFarlane and Fettes descend the steps leading to the alcove. MacFarlane, with his hand on the elbow of the younger man, guides him to the curtain.

MACFARLANE
You know how we get the specimens we use for dissection?

FETTES
From the Municipal Council -- they're the bodies of paupers ---

The CAMERA BEGINS TO DOLLY SLOWLY TOWARD them.

MACFARLANE
That's what the law stipulates but there are not enough of them, Fettes -- there are not enough of them --

MacFarlane pulls aside the curtain. He and Fettes pass through and the curtain falls into place behind them. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRUCK SLOWLY TOWARD the curtain.

SLOW DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAYFRIARS KIRKYARD - NIGHT

38 CLOSE SHOT. The little dog, Robbie, is lying on his master's grave. He lies with his muzzle on his forepaws but his eyes are open and alert. Out of the scene comes the plodding beat of a horse's hoofs and the rumbling of iron-shod wheels. The dog lifts his head.

The horse comes to a stop. There is the creak of springs as someone alights. The dog's hackles rise. He growls.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE. The great black shadow of a man in a caped overcoat and top hat with a spade over his shoulder is thrown onto the wall of Grayfriar's Kirk by the street lamp. The huge shadow looms high over the tiny dog. Robbie rises valiantly to his feet, snarling. As he does so, the actual figure of the man, as black and indistinct as his own shadow, comes past the camera, blacking out the little dog. There is a deeper growl from Robbie. The man swings his spade down. As the spade drives home there is a little weak sound from the dog.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE. With his foot, Gray pushes the dead body of the little dog to one side, strikes the spade into the ground and starts to dig.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. FETTES' ROOM - NIGHT

41 In a little attic room, Fettes is sleeping fitfully. The room is flooded with moonlight which comes in through a skylight window.

42 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes sleeping. Far away can be heard the plodding hoofbeats and creaking wheels of Gray's cab. There is a loud squeak as the cab takes the turn into the alleyway. Fettes wakens. He listens. There is the sound of the hoofbeats, the wheels and then silence when the horse comes to a stop. He sits up. From downstairs comes a stealthy knocking at the door. He gets up sleepily and starts to put on his worn bathrobe, crosses to the window and looks out.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

43 HIGH ANGLE SHOT from Fettes' window. Gray, his cab and the white horse present a weird and funereal spectacle. Gray is fumbling with something inside the cab.

INT. FETTES' ROOM - NIGHT

44 Fettes has turned from the window and starts toward the door. He opens it and goes out.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

45 Gray is pulling a long, canvas-covered object of considerable weight from the cab. With a grunt he gets it up into his arms and starts across the sidewalk toward the postern door.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - NIGHT

46 It is dark except for a small oil lamp left burning as a nightlight. This casts its dim rays over a small portion of the room near the entrance door. Fettes comes through the door on the landing. He peers over the bannisters and then somewhat slowly, as if not too easy at the prospect before him, he begins to descend the stairs.

47 ANOTHER ANGLE. Fettes crosses the anatomy room looking apprehensively into the darkness at either hand. At the door he pauses a moment, then passes through into the darkness of the entry and is lost to view.

THE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

48 It is so dark that Fettes can barely be seen. The clank of the chain as he throws it off and the snap of the bolt are loud and frightening in this small enclosed space. He pulls the door open. Before him silhouetted against the dim radiance of the cab lamps is Gray. In his arms is a long, cloth-covered object.

49 CLOSE SHOT - Fettes as he opens the door wider to give Gray entrance. Without a word, Gray carries the body past him into the anatomy room. Fettes closes the door and follows him.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - NIGHT

50 Gray comes in and stands waiting for Fettes to come up to him. Fettes comes out of the entry and takes a few steps toward Gray.

GRAY
Here -- give me a hand -- this is heavy.

Fettes helps him. Gingerly he takes hold of the corpse and together they lay it down on a long marble-topped table in the center of the room, almost directly under the nightlight. Gray heaves a sigh of relief to be relieved of the weight.

GRAY (cont'd)
You'll find the specimen in good condition. He was bright and cheerful as a thrush not a week long gone. A likely lad, I'm told.
(glances at Fettes)
You're the new assistant?

Fettes nods.

FETTES
(trying to remember his manners)
I'm Donald Fettes.

GRAY
I'm very pleased to know you, Master Fettes.

FETTES
Mr. Gray?

GRAY
That's right. Gray, the cabman. I've had a bit of dealing with MacFarlane in the past, you know.

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

Fettes nods.

GRAY (cont'd)
And I've always gotten along with his assistants -- providing they understand my humble position.

He puts one hand on Fettes' arm. Fettes moves away from him.

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane said I should pay you --

GRAY
(interrupting)
Of course -- it's the soul of the business -- the pay --

Fettes shifts uneasily, confused and seemingly uncertain of his next step.

GRAY (cont'd)
(prompting him)
I have no doubt you have the key in your pocket --

Fettes reaches into his pocket and brings out a big iron key.

GRAY (cont'd)
(pointing)
And there is the box.

They start over toward it. Fettes opens the box.

GRAY (cont'd)
My fee is as usual -- ten pounds.

Fettes counts out the money to him. Gray flips the last coin into the air and catches it with a gamin gesture which is surprising in a man of such sinister appearance. As Fettes still stands rather stupidly, Gray prompts him again.

GRAY (cont'd)
And now, although it's none of my business, I would make the proper entry if I were you. "One specimen - ten pounds - received from -- " let us say -- "MacDuff" -- a royal name.

Fettes looks toward the desk.

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

GRAY (cont'd)
(still prompting him)
It's the little cloth-covered book in the drawer.

Fettes brings it out. Gray watches him while he writes. The pen scratches and squeaks over the paper. Then both turn and start toward the entry.

FETTES
Good night, Mr. Gray.

At the door Gray tips his hat elegantly to Fettes.

GRAY
My respects, Master Fettes, and may this be the first of many profitable meetings.

He leaves, disappearing in the darkness of the entryway. A second later the door can be heard closing behind him. Fettes stands for a long moment looking at the dark entry, then from behind him comes a chuckle of laughter. He whirls abruptly.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE - Fettes in the b.g. and above him on the landing, holding a candle, is Dr. MacFarlane in an elegant dressing gown.

MACFARLANE
Well, well, my boy. Your first meeting with the redoubtable Gray. You may count it as a milestone in your medical career.

52 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes as he looks from MacFarlane to the door.

FETTES
My medical career --

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL - DAY

53 CLOSE SHOT - skeleton. It is facing the camera, its stance a parody of that of a prize fighter of the period; left well extended, right held high, both knees bent. Over the shot comes a clamor of men's voices, cutting across which, suddenly, comes Fettes' voice.

FETTES
All right, gentlemen -- that will do! Settle down!

rnm

(CONTINUED)

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the interior of the school. In the f.g. is the dais, at one side of which is the skeleton. Fettes steps up onto the dais at the other side passing some dozen students, all young men in their early twenties. Two students, Gilchrist and Richardson, are prominent. Richardson is lean and sardonic.

FETTES (cont'd)
Dr. MacFarlane has asked me to review the points he has just discussed with you.

54 MED. CLOSE SHOT - dais. The skeleton is to one side in the f.g. facing the students, o.s. Fettes has his back to it.

FETTES
He started with the construction of the ribs and hemapophyses --

He turns toward the skeleton, then reacts sharply as he notices its ludicrous stance.

FETTES (cont'd)
(angrily)
I suppose this was your doing, Richardson.

He starts rearranging the skeleton's limbs. Richardson grins. It is at this moment that Joseph comes sidling up to the group.

JOSEPH
Mr. Fettes --

Fettes looks over at him.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
A lady is asking for you.

FETTES
What lady, Joseph?

Joseph shrugs. Fettes, seeing that he'll get no enlightenment from him, turns to the students.

FETTES (cont'd)
If you gentlemen will excuse me --

He starts for the stairs. There is a snicker of laughter. Richardson leans over and with two deft movements brings the arms of the skeleton back into fighting position.

mm

INT. MACFARLANE HALL-WAY - DAY

55 Mrs. Marsh sits there. Broad beams of sunlight flood in from the front windows. She is speaking with Meg Cameron. Meg is standing looking down at her.

MEG
Why do you come here? The Doctor said he wouldn't operate.

MRS. MARSH
I've already told you I didn't come to see Dr. MacFarlane.

MEG
Then whom do you wish to see in MacFarlane's own house?

It is at this moment that the door opens and Fettes comes in. Meg takes one glance at him.

MEG (cont'd)
(almost under her breath)
So it is in that direction that the wind blows, eh? It will get you nothing.

With that she turns on her heel and goes off to a little door on the left.

MRS. MARSH
(rising)
Good morning, Mr. Fettes.

Fettes bows formally. It is obvious he is pleased, yet very puzzled to see her. He comes down and takes her hand.

FETTES
You asked to see me, ma'am?

MRS. MARSH
(impulsively)
I want you to help my little girl.

FETTES
I'm only a student.

MRS. MARSH
Georgina told me how kind you were to her. It gave me hope you might intercede for us with Dr. MacFarlane.

FETTES
I don't know that I can do that, Mrs. Marsh.

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MARSH
Did he tell you about Georgina?

Fettes nods.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
Then he must have told you that this disease is progressive -- that it will grow worse -- that soon she will not be able to move at all.

Fettes nods again. Mrs. Marsh lays her hand on his arm and looks directly into his eyes.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
And you won't ask him to help?

FETTES
I didn't mean it that way. I meant only that I am not in a position to ask favors.

MRS. MARSH
Ask this one favor --

FETTES
(very much moved)
Of course I will.

Mrs. Marsh smiles at him.

MRS. MARSH
Georgina was right. You are a kind man.

She extends her hand and Fettes takes it.

FETTES
I'll do what I can.

He walks with her to the door, lets her out, closes it behind her and then turns and starts back the way he came.

INT. THE ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

56 MacFarlane is present and now in contrast to the disorder under Fettes the students are busy and absorbed. They are working at their tasks. MacFarlane, with two or three around him, is helping one of the students, Gilchrist.

(CONTINUED)

56 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
(enthusiastically)
In an adult this muscle can apply more than one hundred seventy-five pounds of pressure? Double that and you get the full strength of the human jaw.
(jocularly)
That, gentlemen, is to chew our food and bite our enemies.

The students laugh; that peculiar laugh common to students and soldiers when a superior makes a joke. It is at this moment that Fettes starts down the stairs. MacFarlane looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Here, Fettes, life can't be all skittles and ladies ---

This sally provokes a low murmur of appreciative laughter from the students. Fettes, discomfited, joins the group.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(pulling a watch from his pocket)
It's time for our luncheon. I've a bit of beef to discuss and --
(bowing slightly)
I leave you all to whatever arrangements you have made to serve the inner man.

57 FULL SHOT - Fettes as he takes up a small bundle wrapped in a handkerchief and starts for the door.

58 MED. SHOT - MacFarlane as he starts for the stairs. He passes a table where Richardson is bent over his work, which is out of scene.

MACFARLANE
Well, I see you have that arm you've been yearning for, Richardson

RICHARDSON
Yes, sir. This fellow must have been a great one at hurling the bar -- beautiful biceps. Burke and Hare would never have got the best of this fellow.

MacFarlane's head jerks up and he looks directly at Richardson.

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
What did you say?

RICHARDSON
I was making a joke, sir.

MACFARLANE
(passing on)
It's a poor subject for jest, Richardson -- particularly for a medical student.

He turns abruptly away and starts toward the stairs.

GILCHRIST
(to Richardson)
What did you say to His Imperial Highness?

RICHARDSON
Nothing but a merry word about Burke and Hare --

GILCHRIST
That's nothing for him to get upset about. They're dead and buried --

Richardson shrugs.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD - DAY

59 Fettes comes along the street toward the gateway. Suddenly he stops and looks at a small crowd which has gathered around the gate, all talking very excitedly and peering in over each other's shoulders. He stands and looks.

60 MED. FULL SHOT - the crowd at the gate. The people draw back making way for Mrs. MacBride who comes out.

61 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. MacBride as she makes her way through the crowd. She is crying and in her arms she carries the dead body of the little dog.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM behind Fettes. Mrs. MacBride comes through the crowd and starts across the street toward him.

63 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. MacBride and Fettes. Fettes looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

rb

63 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MACBRIDE
(as she passes him)
They killed his wee doggie too -- little Robbie.
(passes on)

64 CLOSE SHOT - Fettes as he watches Mrs. MacBride. From behind him comes the sound of the street singer's song.

DISSOLVE

INT. MACFARLANE'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

65 MacFarlane is seated on a high stool at a work table. He has before him two large bones and is measuring these with a pair of dividers and marking down notations in a notebook. While he works he whistles "The Blue Bells of Scotland." There is a knock at the door.

MACFARLANE
Come in!

He looks over his shoulder to see Fettes as he enters then turns back to his work. Fettes comes up and stands beside him. MacFarlane makes a notation in the notebook and then looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Well, Fettes -- where have you been? I didn't see you at the afternoon session.

FETTES
I don't think I can go on, sir.

MACFARLANE
(whirling around on the stool)
What the devil do you mean? You have your lodgings, a certain stipend -- I thought I had arranged everything for you --

FETTES
I saw the woman whose son's body was delivered last night.

MacFarlane nods.

FETTES (cont'd)
That man took the body from Greyfriar's. I knew the woman. I know the little dog on the grave. He killed the dog.

rb

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
And that's why you won't be a doctor, Fettes?

FETTES
Not if I have to be a party to things like that, Dr. MacFarlane.

MacFarlane studies him for a moment. He then gets up from the stool and puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

MACFARLANE
Fettes, I was an assistant once. I had to deal with men like Gray. Do you think I did it because I wanted to? Do you think I want to do it now? But I must and you must.

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane puts his other hand on Fettes' other shoulder.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Ignorant men have dammed up the stream of medical progress with stupid and unjust laws. If that dam will not break, the men of medicine have to find other courses. You understand me, Fettes?

Fettes nods.

FETTES
But this woman -- and her son --

MACFARLAND
I'm sorry for the woman, Fettes. But her son might be alive today had more doctors been given the opportunity to work on more human specimens. As for me, Fettes, I let no man stop me when I know I'm right -- when I know that I need those lifeless subjects for my students' enlightenment and for my own knowledge. And if you're a real man and want to be a good doctor, you'll see it as I see it.

There is a long pause. MacFarlane lets his hands drop to his sides.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Well, boy?

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

Fettes nods. MacFarlane claps him jovially on the back.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You're a good lad, Fettes.
(looking at Fettes more closely)
But you look a bit pale to me. I'm dining at Hobbs. Come along with me and have a bit of the joint and a glass of ale. It will put new life in you.

He takes the boy's arm and they start from the room.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - NIGHT

66 The pavement is glistening from a recent rain and there is a hint of fog in the air. It is the dinner hour and the street is fairly well peopled. On one corner by the light of a flaring torch a pamphleteer is selling his wares. On the other corner the street singer stands chanting her ballad; the dolorous phrases reciting the tale of the dead knight deserted by his horse, his hound and his leman fair.

67 MED. FULL SHOT - the singer. MacFarlane, with top hat, cape and carrying a cane swings briskly past her with Fettes, more soberly dressed, at his side. They stride out of scene.

EXT. HOBBS PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

68 MacFarlane with Fettes in tow comes breezing up. With a lordly gesture he ushers Fettes before him into the public house.

INT. HOBBS PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

69 It is bright, warm and cheerful. A huge fire is roaring in the fireplace and before it is a rack spit turned by a spit boy who sings as he turns. (Song to be supplied.) On the spit is a young porker with forelegs and hind legs stretched to elongate him before the fire. The porker has just recently been put on the spit so that he gleams pale white in the warm glow of the fire.

70 MED. FULL SHOT - at the door. Fettes, followed by MacFarlane comes in. Fettes looks shyly around him while a man servant takes his hat. MacFarlane boldly flings hat and cape to the attendant and strides forward toward the fireplace. He extends his hands and looks at the slowly turning porker.

rb

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
(to Fettes)
We'll have a stiffener or two of hot rum and by then we will be able to meet this fellow on fairly equal terms of warmth, eh Fettes?

From behind them comes an insinuating voice.

GRAY'S VOICE
A fine "specimen" isn't he, Toddy MacFarlane?

They both twist around quickly.

71 REVERSE SHOT - on the opposite side of the room where he has been hidden from them by the high walls of the divan, a sort of inglenook built away from the fireplace, is Gray. This is "common" section of the inn. He sits with a loaf of coarse bread before him and a glass of stout at his elbow. He is grinning. Without rising, Gray beckons.

GRAY
Come, Toddy -- come. Sit down here with me.

MACFARLANE
Don't call me that confounded name.

GRAY
(still grinning)
Well, then, Doctor MacFarlane -- although I've known a time, Toddy, when you liked the name. Aye, and many are dead now who called you by it; rough and wild ones they were, too. But come Toddy, sit down here with your young friend.

Fettes looks in surprise from the doctor to the cabman, utterly confused at the familiarity of this man's address.

MACFARLANE
(coldly)
Mr. Fettes and I have professional matters to discuss.

GRAY
Medicine? That'll keep. Sit down.

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

As MacFarlane hesitates, angry and most anxious to refuse, Gray lowers his tone to a sly confidential murmur.

GRAY (cont'd)
You wouldn't want it said of you that you refused a glass to an old friend.

MacFarlane shrugs.

MACFARLANE
We'll buy you a glass, Gray.

He motions to Fettes to sit down. Fettes takes a seat and MacFarlane sits down beside him. As Fettes sits down beside him, Gray turns to him in a confidential manner.

GRAY
I'm a pretty bad fellow myself, but MacFarlane is the boy -- Toddy MacFarlane --

He chuckles, shaking his head as if in appreciation of the most sinister sort of villainy. MacFarlane is angry. Fettes is confused and unable to orient himself in this strange relationship between the great anatomist and the lowly cabman. Gray turns to MacFarlane.

GRAY (cont'd)
Come, Toddy, order for your friend.

MacFarlane lifts his hand to beckon to the waiter.

GRAY (cont'd)
No, on second thought, let me order.
(as the waiter comes up)
We'll have a bowl of hot punch and a cut off the loin from that fine porker.

The waiter looks at Gray dubiously, unused to such a sumptuous order from so humble a customer.

GRAY (cont'd)
(catching the look)
You needn't worry, waiter, I'm with my friend -- the great Dr. MacFarlane -- he wants to sit here with the commonality.

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

The waiter nods, looks from MacFarlane's tense and angry face to Gray's grinning countenance, turns and makes off to the kitchen. For a moment the three men sit silently, MacFarlane encircled in the iron ring of his anger; Fettes tongue-tied and abashed and Gray gloating over the doctor's discomfiture. Finally Gray breaks the silence.

GRAY (cont'd)
(to MacFarlane)
Well, you were going to talk of medical matters. Don't let my humble presence stop you. Speak on, Toddy.

MacFarlane, goaded beyond the point of endurance, pounds his fist on the table.

MACFARLANE
I will not have you use that name to me.

GRAY
You will not have it?

The two men glare at each other, then very slowly MacFarlane averts his gaze. Fettes looks from one to the other and then trying to cover the defeat of his teacher, begins to speak.

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane -- you remember the lady who came to see you yesterday -- the lady with the little girl?

MACFARLANE
I remember her.

FETTES
She came again today. She wanted me to ask you if you would not break your rule and operate. She feels you are her only hope.

MACFARLANE
So she told me. I'm a teacher -- not a practitioner.

MacFarlane shrugs as if this aspect of the conversation were closed. Gray looks over at him quizzically.

GRAY
You're a teacher, eh? Maybe you're afraid to be a doctor, Toddy.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
Afraid? Of what?

GRAY
Afraid you are not as good a doctor perhaps as you make out to be.

MACFARLANE
I am the best man for the job.

GRAY
Why don't you do it then?

He pauses and looks slyly at MacFarlane.

GRAY (cont'd)
I'd like you to do the operation, Toddy.

MACFARLANE
You? Why? Since when have you become the protector of little children?

GRAY
I'm not concerned about the child, Toddy. It's you I'm thinking of. I'd like to see you prove that a lot of things I know haven't hurt Toddy MacFarlane any.

MACFARLANE
I'll not do it, Gray.

GRAY
Oh, yes, you will. You'll do it to oblige Mr. Fettes and myself.

MACFARLANE
No.

GRAY
Maybe there's some private reasons between you and me which will make you -- some long lost friends of ours.
(dropping his voice)
Say that you'll do it for me and my friend, Mr. Fettes, here.

The two men exchange glances for a moment.

MACFARLANE
(trying to cover up)
It might be an interesting case.

GRAY
That's a good boy, Toddy.

NOTE: The following line to be shot as protection for the content of this scene.

MACFARLANE
You only want me to do it because I don't want to. That's it, isn't it, Gray?

MacFarlane glares at him with hatred. Gray grins and turns to Fettes.

GRAY
Toddy hates me.

MACFARLANE
(muttering)
Don't call me that confounded name, I tell you.

GRAY
Hear him? Did you ever see the lads play knife?

He picks up the table knife and puts it across his knuckles, then with a sweep of his fist, tosses it into the loaf of bread.

GRAY (cont'd)
He would like to do that all over my body.

FETTES
(trying to make a joke)
We medicals have a better way than that. When we dislike a friend we dissect him.

MacFarlane looks up sharply. Gray glances at him and smiles.

GRAY
You'll never get rid of me that way, Toddy. You and I have two bodies -- aye, very different sorts of bodies -- but we're closer than if we were in the same skin -- for I saved that skin of yours once and you'll not forget it.

The waiter comes, bearing a steaming bowl of punch. He ladles out a glassful and puts it before MacFarlane. MacFarlane drinks thirstily, glad of this excuse to avoid Gray's penetrating glance.

FADE OUT

bm

EXT. THE RAMPARTS - DAY

72 The ramparts of the castle of Edinburgh are about thirty feet wide and overgrown with the grass of centuries. This forms a narrow lawn between two crenellated stone walls. From these battlements only a distant horizon line, a few spires and the fleecy clouds above the town can be seen.

73 LONG SHOT - a small group of children. The CAMERA PANS WITH these children as they run, laughing and shouting, across the lawn of the ramparts. When they run past the little wheelchair in which Georgina is seated, the CAMERA HOLDS ON Georgina. She turns her head to watch the children run off. Then she turns and looks the other way to where her mother and Fettes are standing by the ramparts, deep in conversation. The CAMERA PANS WITH her gaze. They are out of earshot of the child, talking together in low, confidential tones.

MRS. MARSH
You have his promise, then?

FETTES
Yes.

Mrs. Marsh looks over at Georgina, then back to Fettes. Fettes turns and looks over at Georgina.

FETTES (cont'd)
There will be great pain connected with it, ma'am. During the operation and afterward -- great pain and shock --

MRS. MARSH
(almost breathing the words)
-- pain -- and shock. She's brave enough, but I don't know about myself. Now that it seems so close, I wonder if I dare trust my child into any but God's hands. Maybe He knows best.

FETTES
Ma'am, if you'll allow me, I'd like to give you cause for courage -- Dr. MacFarlane is a great man -- I think he's the greatest man in medicine. God would not have given him such gifts if they were not meant for Georgina's cure.

Mrs. Marsh looks at him gratefully.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MARSH
(sincerely)
Thank you, Mr. Fettes.

74 M.D. CLOSE SHOT - Georgina. Seated in her little wheel chair, she is cuddling a porcelain-faced doll of the period. Suddenly she hears something in the street far below. It is the clop-clop of horse's hoofs and the ringing of wheels on the cobble stones. She looks up and tries to raise herself in her wheel chair to see over the parapet. She is unable to do so. She calls out to her mother.

GEORGINA
Mommie! Mommie!

75 M.D. FULL SHOT - Georgina in the f.g. Fettes and Mrs. Marsh turn to go toward her.

GEORGINA
Push me to the wall, Mommie. I think I hear him.

Fettes takes a few long steps and comes up to the wheel-chair.

FETTES
Hear Him?

GEORGINA
The white horse. The horse that is going to greet me when he sees me.

FETTES
(as he starts to wheel the chair toward the parapet)
An old acquaintance, eh?

Georgina nods. He gets her as far as the wall and she looks over. She peers down, then turns back with a look of disappointment on her face.

76 DOWN SHOT - from the Remparts. On the street below a carriage is passing drawn by a brown horse.

77 M.D. CLOSE SHOT - Georgina and Fettes.

GEORGINA
(disappointed)
It was a brown horse.

Mrs. Marsh comes up.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MARSH
A cabby told her his horse would say "hello" to her the next time he saw her. Georgina has been looking everywhere for that horse.

Fettes looks at the child, smiling, then leans down so as to bring himself on a level with her.

FETTES
Why do you want the white horse to bid you "good-day"?

GEORGINA
He was a nice horse.

FETTES
Maybe there's another reason. Maybe you haven't friends enough. Could that be it, Georgina.

Georgina looks at him, thinks a moment, then nods her head.

GEORGINA
Of course - I don't have friends. That's because I can't walk. I try to make myself used to it.

FETTES
One shouldn't get used to the wrong things, Georgina. You want to walk and run and play!

MRS. MARSH
(not knowing the direction or purpose of Fettes' conversation; breaks in)
Really, Mr. Fettes -- I thought you at least would know how much Georgina wants that.

Fettes nods.

FETTES
Aye, but I still wonder how much.

GEORGINA
(with dreadful sincerity)
I want it --

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

FETTES
But you'll have to stand great pain, Georgina. Greater pain than you ever dreamed of in the worst time of your sickness. Do you want it that much?

Georgina nods.

FETTES (cont'd)
Then, Dr. MacFarlane will make you well.

He smiles at her and although this direct conversation about her illness has brought tears to her eyes, Georgina smiles back at him and Mrs. Marsh, looking down at them, smiles too. In her eyes also are tears.

WIPE DISSOLVE

INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

78 MacFarlane is seated in a wing chair before the fire. Although it is near noon, he still wears dressing gown and slippers. His hair is rumpled and his eyes bloodshot. He has a glass in his left hand and holds a poker in his right. With the poker he tries to push a big piece of cannel coal into the flames. It eludes the point of the poker and rolls back against the hobb. Again he pushes it forward. Again it rolls back. Suddenly, and with almost maniacal rage, he lifts up the poker and brings it crashing down on the coal. The soft coal splinters into a hundred pieces. Suddenly, from behind him comes a woman's soft and teasing laughter. He turns. Meg Cameron stands in the doorway behind him. She comes quickly across the room to him.

MEG
(as she walks)
Gray's head -- is that it, Toddy? Is that what you broke just now under the poker. Broken it -- and have done with him forever.

By the time she has finished her speech, Meg has reached him and before he has had a chance to even react to her teasing, mocking tones, she has flung herself down on her knees beside his chair, thrown her arms about his neck and kissed him passionately.

MEG (cont'd)
My poor lad -- my poor, poor lad that can never be free of him.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
You're daft. What's Gray to me. He's only a man from whom I buy what I need when I need it -- the rest is forgotten.

MEG
You may deny the devil, Toddy, but you'll not rid yourself of him by saying the devil is dead.

MACFARLANE
Nonsense. You're a fey creature with mad ideas. But you have a wildness that holds me to you, lass.

MEG
(quite sure of her ground)
No great lady will ever take my place?

MacFarlane shakes his head. He kisses her. She clings to him. It is at this moment that there is a knocking at the door. Meg rises quickly and adjusts her clothing. MacFarlane tries to seem more at ease.

MACFARLANE
Come in.

Fettes comes in.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I didn't expect to see you on Sunday, Fettes. What do you want, some powders for your aching head? That was a furious lot we drank last night -- and in bad company.

FETTES
It was about last night I wanted to talk to you -- about the operation on the little Marsh girl.

MACFARLANE
(loftily)
You're a man of the world, Fettes, you wouldn't hold me to a promise given in drink.

FETTES
But I -- well, you see, sir, I met Mrs. Marsh and I told her.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
(beginning to lose patience)
Really, Fettes, you irk me with your lack of understanding.

FETTES
But you did promise.

MACFARLANE
Look here, Fettes. Not I nor anyone else knows enough about the spinal column and its intricacies to insure success in such an operation. I would have to study the matter. Have we any "subjects?"

FETTES
Wilmont used up the last spinal section.

MACFARLANE
You see, it is completely out of the question.

FETTES
(very disappointed)
Yes, I suppose so.

MACFARLANE
Now you run off and see that pretty Mrs. Marsh and explain to her.

Fettes, dojected and disappointed, nods and slowly leaves the room. MacFarlane watches him go.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

79 CLOSE SHOT - Joseph at the desk. He has the account book open before him and with index finger moving from letter to letter, he is laboriously but silently spelling out the words. Suddonly, he hears footsteps behind him on the stairs and quickly slams the book and begins dusting the desk.

80 FULL SHOT - The anatomy room from Joseph's ANGLE. Fettes is coming down the stairs and crosses toward him.

FETTES
Joseph --

(CONTINUED)

Joseph looks up.

FETTES (cont'd)
Would you know a spinal column if you saw one?

Joseph nods and grins.

FETTES (cont'd)
Do we have one?

Joseph shakes his head. Fettes shrugs. He stands thinking for a moment, then speaks to Joseph again.

FETTES (cont'd)
Joseph --

Joseph looks up again.

FETTES (cont'd)
-- do you happen to know where Gray, the cabman, lives ?

Joseph nods.

FETTES (cont'd)
Well, tell me.

Joseph leans meditatively on the desk.

FETTES (cont'd)
What do you want me to do, bribe you? I'm cursed if I do. Tell me straight out. Where does he live?

JOSEPH
I'd gladly run with a message, sir, for a florin. It's not much, considering it's Sunday.

FETTES
I only want his address.

JOSEPH
He lives in the Westport --

Fettes nods.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
(in a last desperate effort)
I'd gladly go.

But Fettes has already passed into the entry way.

DISSOLVE OUT

81 It is a crooked, narrow alley. The only light comes from the ends. Fettes can begin to hear the ballad of the street singer from the street toward which he is going. He pauses a moment, listens, then walks forward into the darkness; the song almost seeming to guide him through the dark alley.

He comes to the darkest portion of the alley. A sound from the left attracts his attention. He comes to an abrupt halt as something white and mysterious moves on a window sill at his eye level. He takes a half step backward as a white cat leaps down and scurries noiselessly across his path. Fettes grins at his own fright and goes on. He passes through the darkness and comes out into the dim light of the other street. He comes to the street corner and on the corner stands the street singer. She is singing her little song and jingling a few coins in her begging bowl to attract the attention of the few people passing by in this dismal street. Fettes goes up to her. She stops singing.

FETTES
Do you know where Mr. Gray lives -- Gray, the cabman?

The girl shakes her head.

FETTES (cont'd)
Well, thanks anyhow.

He takes a coin from his pocket and drops it into her bowl. He goes off and the CAMERA MOVES IN to a BIG CLOSEUP of the girl as she resumes her song.

82 LONG SHOT - Fettes as he walks. This alley, like the other grows darker toward the center. There is an arch leading to a court. Fettes turns left under this arch.

EXT. GRAY'S DWELLING AND STABLE - NIGHT

83 It is a tiny, narrow squalid building. He looks at it, sees the name, "John Gray - Cabman" written on a board across the door, goes up to it and knocks. As there is no answer, he pushes the door open and steps into almost Stygian darkness.

INT. GRAY'S STABLE - NIGHT

84 Fettes gropes his way along the wall toward the stairs. Suddenly from the darkness looms a tremendous white figure. It is the cabman's horse. His first momentary fright over, Fettes pats the horse's nose, passes on to the stairs, climbs the brief flight of steps leading to a door from under which comes a ray of light. Again he knocks. A voice shouts out to him.

GRAY'S VOICE
Come in -- come in.

(CONTINUED)

Fettes thrusts open the door and looks around to see the room in which he finds himself. It is a large loft-like room, furnished with odds and ends of poor furniture. The best pieces in the room are two dilapidated easy chairs that have obviously seen better days. On one wall some spare harness is hung. A great battered wardrobe contains Gray's clothes. The floor is covered with two worn Turkey carpets. There is a bed on which the bedclothes are untidily tumbled. There is a washstand and pitcher. Quite evidently Gray uses this chamber as a combined living, dining and bedroom as well as a kitchen. This last is the purpose to which it is being put as Fettes enters. Gray, in shirt sleeves is crouched over the embers of the fire in the hearth, stirring some sausages in a frying pan. The kettle steams busily on the hob. On a small table near the fire is a loaf of bread, a jug of ale, a wooden trencher, a clasp knife and a fork. As Fettes enters, Gray rises and goes to meet him with the frying pan still in his left hand.

GRAY
So it's the young doctor come to see me. I'm honored -- honored --

There is a curious, almost triumphant undertone in his voice.

GRAY (cont'd)
Here, take this. It is the most comfortable chair.

He guides Fettes to a chair and Fettes, without removing his coat, sits down.

With quick servile civility he crosses to the taboret, gets a glass and bottle and brings it back with him. He pours a glass for Fettes.

Fettes takes a swallow.

GRAY (cont'd)
And to what do I owe the honor of this visit? Some business, was it, of Dr. MacFarlane's?

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane didn't send me. I came of my own accord.

He breaks off, taking another swig from his glass.

(CONTINUED)

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84 (CONTINUED)

FETTES (cont'd)
What are the chances of your being able to get us a "subject?"

GRAY
(shaking his head)
It would be difficult -- very difficult. There was a dog that bothered me during the last job -- people seem so concerned about dogs -- all in all it raised the very mother and father of a row. I'm told the kirkyards are to be guarded.
(pausing)
But I would not like to say that it would be impossible to get a "subject."

A look of relief comes over Fettes' face. He picks up his glass and drinks again.

FETTES
(leaning forward)
But how soon, man? Dr. MacFarlane is engaged in some very urgent research at present. He can't wait very long.

Again Gray smiles.

GRAY
I fear he may have to.

FETTES
But can't you give me any idea?

GRAY
How could I? I will do my best. After all, you see, I am financially interested.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE as Fettes gets to his feet abruptly. There comes very faintly over the shot from somewhere outside, the voice of the street singer, singing the same melody.

GRAY (cont'd)
You may tell Toddy that I will do what I can, when I can -- as he knows I will.
(sighing)
But he must wait and see as the children do.

FETTES
If that's your answer -- it'll have to do.

(CONTINUED)

Fettes turns abruptly away and goes quickly out of scene toward the door. Gray sits for a moment, reflecting, then gets to his feet. The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he goes to the door and out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

85 MED. FULL SHOT - at the far side of the street, Fettes can be seen striding. At the nearer side, approaching slowly, is the street singer.

INT. GRAY'S STABLE - NIGHT

86 CLOSE SHOT - Gray. His head is turned in the direction of the voice. His hand comes up to his chin as he rubs at it reflectively, obviously seized by an idea. He makes up his mind and turns into the stable.

87 MED. SHOT. It is dark. In the f.g. is the white horse. It turns as Gray comes into scene and nuzzles him affectionately as he pats it.

GRAY
Ah, Friend! There's bad news for you, boy -- bad news --

He pulls out a lump of sugar and gives it to the horse.

GRAY (cont'd)
We have to go out again, Friend.

He turns away into the darkness, but is back in a moment bearing the horse's collar. As he slips the collar over the animal's head --

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

88 It is a long deserted street. At the near end a lantern on a house wall casts a sphere of dim radiance. The CAMERA is FOCUSED DOWN the street which ends in Stygian darkness. From behind the camera comes the street singer, walking slowly, singing and rattling her begging bowl. She walks on. Just before her figure is lost in the darkness, from behind the camera can be heard the clop-clop of hoofs, the creak of carriage springs, and the rolling wheels of Gray's cab. As the singer disappears completely into the darkness, the cab goes past the camera. It, too, disappears into the darkness. The CAMERA HOLDS. The sound of the carriage ceases. A moment later, the song of the street singer comes to an abrupt, choked end.

LONG DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. FETTES BEDROOM - NIGHT

89 At a small table, seated on a high stool, is Fettes. A little lamp burns dimly at his elbow and by its light he is studying. He turns the pages, checks some point in his reading with an anatomical chart spread over the table and with his pencil still poised over the anatomical chart, he pauses, listening. From some distance away comes the sound of a horse's hoofs and the banging of wheels. Fettes rises and crosses to the window. He draws the curtains aside and pushes open the casement. With the window open the sound of the horse's hoofs is louder. He looks down.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

90 SHOOTING DOWNWARD as if from Fettes' viewpoint. Gray's cab pulled by the white horse comes into the scene and stops.

INT. FETTES BEDROOM - NIGHT

91 Fettes turns away from the window and starts for the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

92 Gray gets off the cab.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - NIGHT

93 Fettes passing through.

INT. THE ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

94 Fettes opens the door, admitting Gray. He comes in carrying the usual canvas-covered body, but this burden is lighter than the last. Without any difficulty he takes it into the adjoining room.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - NIGHT

95 Gray lays his burden down upon the table.

GRAY
(cheerfully)
There, Master Fettes. Sooner than we had expected. A stroke of luck one might say.

FETTES
Good.

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(CONTINUED)

He is still almost half asleep as he starts over toward the desk pulling the key from his pocket as he goes. As he does so, his eyes light on the face of the corpse, revealed on his side by the drooping canvas. He is startled; takes two steps nearer and looks again.

FETTES
That's the street singer.

Gray says nothing; merely looks at him calmly.

FETTES (cont'd)
(very much excited)
I know her, I tell you! She was alive and hearty only this evening. It's impossible she can be dead.

He pauses. Then in a lower voice.

FETTES (cont'd)
You could not have gotten this body fairly.

Gray looks at him with a cold, hard look.

GRAY
You are entirely mistaken.

The two men stand facing each other. There is even a hint of physical violence in Gray's stooped crouch.

GRAY (cont'd)
You had better give me my money and make the proper entry.

He stares Fettes down and the boy crosses over to the desk and hurriedly gets out the money. He crosses over and gives it to Gray. Gray looks at it and then at the boy.

GRAY (cont'd)
Good night, Dr. Fettes.

He tips his hat and is quickly gone. Fettes goes back to the body and looks down at the dead face of the girl. He shudders.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

96 CLOSE FULL SHOT - the stairway. The door at the top of the stairs opens and MacFarlane comes through with an early-morning shine upon his countenance; his hair sleek from brushing. He is adjusting his tie and is whistling a Scottish tune as he descends the stairs. He suddenly breaks off as he sees someone below him on the floor level of the anatomy room.

96 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
(heartily)
Well, well, good morning to you, young Master Fettes.

97 REVERSE SHOT. Fettes is completely dressed, but his haggard face and rumpled hair give evidence of a sleepless night.

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane, have you ever seen a street singer who sang "The Twa Corby"?

They start toward the table where the body lies. The CAMERA BEGINS TO TRUCK WITH them.

MACFARLANE
Every street singer with a cracked voice gives tongue to that one.

FETTES
This girl was beautiful -- a wild lassie from the Highlands.

MacFarlane shrugs.

MACFARLANE
Beautiful, you say? It's a wonder I have not remarked her.

They have reached the table and both men look down.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Oh, this girl.

He whistles a bar or two of her song.

INT. RECESS NEAR BRINE VAT - DAY

98 Joseph, comfortably seated on a three-legged stool near the brine vat and contentedly sucking at an old clay pipe, hears the doctor's whistled tune. He leans forward without rising, parts the curtain to look out.

FETTES' VOICE
She was murdered.

Joseph softly rises from his stool, taking care to let the legs of this seat go back quietly onto the floor. He puts himself into an attitude of intense listening.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

99 MED. CLOSE SHOT on MacFarlane and Fettes.

FETTES
I went to see Gray last night. I asked him to bring us a specimen. On my way I saw this girl. I gave her alms money. She was alive and singing.

He points to her temple. MacFarlane looks down.

MACFARLANE
Well --

FETTES
Gray killed her.

MACFARLANE
We can't be sure of that.

FETTES
I am sure. I mean to report it. It's like Burke and Hare all over again.

MacFarlane studies him for a long moment.

MACFARLANE
(very quietly)
I wouldn't do that, Fettes. I wouldn't report it.

FETTES
Grave robbing is one thing -- this is murder.

100 CLOSE SHOT - Joseph at the curtain. He is turning away. He has heard enough, and the calculating look in his eye has been replaced by one of triumphant decision.

101 MED. SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
I don't know that -- neither do you. This subject may have been an epileptic -- thrown a fit -- fallen out of bed -- cracked her skull and killed herself -- there is everything explained -- the bruise on her head --

FETTES
I can't believe that.

(CONTINUED)

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MACFARLANE
Believe it or not. It's best for you to pretend that you do. After all, it was you who ordered this specimen, received it here, and paid for it. That makes you a party to murder.

Fettes looks at MacFarlane. The truth of what the doctor has said is borne in upon him. He is confused and bewildered.

FETTES
But, I didn't ask him to kill.

MACFARLANE
Who would believe that? And you know, someone else might recognize her. She was as well known as the Castle Rock.

MacFarlane looks over at him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I should advise complete dissection.

MacFarlane starts to pull back the canvas from the body.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I'll help you, of course.

Fettes hesitates. MacFarlane throws back the canvas sheet.

102 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
I want the whole centrum myself for spinal work -- you know why --

Fettes understands, smiles and moves forward to help the doctor lift the body.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

103 It is a bright afternoon and there is no fire on the hearth. Mrs. Marsh is seated on the sofa and Meg sits beside her. A tea service on a small table is between them. Georgina's empty wheel-chair is in evidence.

MEG
(pushing a cup of tea toward Mrs. Marsh)
Have a drop -- it'll help.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Marsh shakes her head. Between her hands is a handkerchief which she is twisting nervously.

MRS. MARSH
I couldn't swallow it.

She makes a nervous desperate gesture with her handkerchief; glances wildly at the clock.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
How long has it been?

Meg Cameron also glances at the clock.

MEG
Only twenty minutes.

MRS. MARSH
(desperately echoing)
Only twenty minutes.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

104 LONG SHOT. The room no longer has its ordinary arrangements. The tables and benches have been pulled up around the central marble-topped table for use as impromptu grandstands. Students are standing on the tables and benches, peering down in tense and silent excitement at something on the table. There is the sound of a child's groan; a gasp of pain.

105 CLOSE FULL SHOT - the circle around the table. Georgina partially covered by a sheet, lies on the slab. MacFarlane in shirt sleeves and apron bends over her. Richardson and some other students are close around him. Fettes crouches at the head of the table; his face near that of the child. This is a very low camera setup which hides the actual business of the operation from the audience, but which allows them to see the reactions to it on the faces of the students.

MACFARLANE
Here is where you must watch closely, gentlemen -- closely -- it is the very heart of the matter --

FETTES
Wait, Doctor -- wait! The child's fainting.

The two big students who are holding the tiny thin arms of the girl to hold her down look questioningly at MacFarlane.

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
Give her some brandy if you want.

Fettes shakes his head.

FETTES
She's unconscious.

MACFARLANE
Pulse?

RICHARDSON
Slow -- not too alarming.

MACFARLANE
Let us proceed.

He bends to his work again.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(commenting as he goes)
-- and the final step -- we push the ganglia to one side -- then we make the actual osseous incision here -- so -- it is done -- the repair is effected and nothing left to do but replace the tissue and let nature heal what is no longer a defect -- merely a wound --

RICHARDSON
(softly; but with feeling)
Bravo!

MACFARLANE
(to Fettes)
I'll be finished with her in an instant. Then you can consider her your patient, Fettes.

Fettes looks his gratitude.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

106 It is late afternoon and only MacFarlane is there working at his desk. Suddenly Joseph comes in from the entry on tiptoe. He gets up to within a few feet of MacFarlane before announcing himself.

(CONTINUED)

prb

JOSEPH
Doctor --

MacFarlane wheels around.

MACFARLANE
What the devil is the matter with you -- forever creeping about. What do you want?

JOSEPH
Mr. Gray --

MACFARLANE
I don't wish to see Mr. Gray.

Behind him Gray, grinning, comes out from the darkness of the entry way and stands listening. The doctor is unaware of his presence. He turns back to his work.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You tell him that there will be no more business between us.

Gray grins even more broadly, then he clears his throat with a rumbling cough. MacFarlane turns around.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Oh -- well, Joseph, it seems I will have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Gray myself. You can go.

Both men wait for Joseph to go into the alcove.

GRAY
Now that wasn't a friendly thing I heard, Toddy. Not at all friendly.

MACFARLANE
That has nothing to do with it. We've decided to do more lecturing and less dissection -- it's better for the students -- that's all there is to it.

GRAY
(starting to leave)
You know what we want and don't want -- so that's an end of business between us -- but we'll still be friends, Toddy. I'll be dropping by to see you and Meg once in a while -- for auld lang syne, you know.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
I suppose I can't prevent that, Gray --
(bitterly)
-- for auld lang syne.

Gray turns very humbly and goes to the door, then he turns again and he is laughing.

GRAY
And do you think you're getting rid of me, Toddy?

MacFarlane, who has turned back to his desk, whirls about, but Gray has already disappeared into the darkness of the entry way and from thence comes his loud crowing laughter. The doctor's face clouds in anger. He turns back to his desk. The street door can be heard closing.

EXT. MACFARLANE'S CLOSE - DAY

107 Gray, still laughing, comes out on the sidewalk to find Joseph waiting for him. Chuckling to himself, Gray starts to cross to his cab. Joseph stops him.

JOSEPH
I would like to speak to you.

Gray looks at him.

GRAY
I presume you shall. This won't be my last visit here.

JOSEPH
I want to speak to you alone. I saw something. I heard.

GRAY
What did you hear?

JOSEPH
I know --

He looks off and sees Fettes coming down the alley. Fettes is whistling to himself.

JOSEPH (cont'd)
Maybe some other time --

GRAY
(beginning to laugh again)
Oh, you'll have ample opportunity -- ample --
(to Fettes)
Good morning, Dr. Fettes.

107 (CONTINUED)

FETTES
Good morning.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - DAY

108 The doctor turns as Fettes comes in.

FETTES
I just saw Gray. What was he laughing at?

MACFARLANE
He has his own idea of a joke. Perhaps his horse tickled him in the ribs.

FETTES
I've just been to see Mrs. Marsh. Georgina is doing splendidly. The incision has healed -- clean and fine -- but she doesn't seem to have any desire to walk.

MACFARLANE
When she's ready you bring her to me. -- I'll show her how.

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane, I wonder if you know what happiness you've brought those people.

MACFARLANE
That's only our duty, Fettes -- that's the end at which we aim with all this nasty business.

He makes a gesture to include the anatomy room.

FETTES
(very sincerely)
I suppose one must pass through this purgatory to the heaven of being a good doctor.

MACFARLANE
(turning to his desk)
That's the way of it, Fettes. You bring the lassie to me.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DR. MACFARLANE'S STUDY - DAY

109 The doctor, Fettes, Mrs. Marsh and Georgina are all together. Georgina is seated in her little wheelchair. The doctor stands before her, looming above her, glowering with ill-concealed rage. Fettes kneels at the side of the wheelchair, while Mrs. Marsh sits nervously perched on the sofa.

FETTES
Don't you want to find the white horse, Georgina? You can't find him from a wheelchair. You have to walk and run to find him.

GEORGINA
I can't.

MACFARLANE
(thundering)
You can't -- can't!
(to Fettes)
Stop trying to bribe her with childishness about white horses. Let the child stand and walk -- her spine's all right. I know it's all right.

FETTES
But she must want to stand. She must want to walk.

MACFARLANE
(still in a towering rage)
Confound me, the child's a cripple, of course she wants to walk.
(to Georgina)
Child, I say to you get up out of that chair and walk.

Georgina bursts into tears. MacFarlane makes a disgusted gesture.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(trying to control himself)
I ask you, child, to do a simple thing -- raise yourself with your hands to a standing posture -- then step out with your left foot -- try it.

Georgina shakes her head.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I say, try it! Lift yourself up now!

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

Georgina lifts herself up by her hands to a semistanding posture.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Good. Now step out.

The child stands still.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Step out!

GEORGINA
I can't! I can't! My legs won't move.

MACFARLANE
(almost screaming)
Nonsense!

Mrs. Marsh rises from the sofa and comes to join them.

MRS. MARSH
I'm sorry, Doctor. Georgina's a good child -- a brave child -- you saw how she was during the operation -- but if she can't move, she can't move.

MACFARLANE
But she must be able to move. Everything is in place.

MRS. MARSH
(shaking her head)
She would if she could.

MACFARLANE
Then all my surgery is no good. There's something wrong with the child -- something I don't know -- something I can't define -- can't diagnose.
(pause)
I can do nothing with her.

When he finishes his speech there is a long, dead silence. MacFarlane is the first to break it.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You see Mrs. Marsh home, Fettes, I'm going to Hobbs'. You can join me there if you like.

Fettes nods. Picking up his hat MacFarlane starts from the room.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. HOBBS' PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

110 It is quite late and there are only a few patrons in the public house. At the bar, with his hat on his head and his whip in one hand, Gray sits on a stool drinking some hot liquid from a pewter tankard. The drawing-waiter is leaning on the bar talking to him.

GRAY
(setting down the mug)
Well, I'll be off -- unless you have a fare for me here -- some gentleman a little taken with wine.

WAITER
Wait a bit and MacFarlane will be wanting to be freighted home.

GRAY
The Doctor MacFarlane?

WAITER
Aye. In the other room and getting stiffer than the bodies he demonstrates.

GRAY
I'll look in on him.

Gray slouches across the room to the divan. He peers in.

111 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane in the divan FROM Gray's ANGLE. There is a squat bottle before him and two small glasses. He is hunched over. His hair is rumpled. He is brooding. From the entrance of the divan, Gray speaks to him.

GRAY
Toddy --

MacFarlane looks up.

MACFARLANE
(with drunken friendliness)
Oh, it's you, Gray. Well, come in. Sit down. Have a glass with me.

GRAY
(removing his hat and sitting down)
You're uncommon friendly tonight, Toddy. More like the old days.

(CONTINUED)

MacFarlane drunkenly nods his head.

MACFARLANE
I want someone to talk to. That Fettes -- all taken up with the widow. He never came back here.

He looks up at Gray.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You know something about the human body, Gray.

GRAY
I've had some experience.

MACFARLANE
Then you can understand that the backbone is a lot of little blocks and those little blocks are all held together, so that it works like that whip of yours. You know that, don't you?

GRAY
I've never had it all explained that way to me by so learned a man.

MACFARLANE
(disregarding the sarcasm)
I set these blocks together, patched the muscles. I put the nerves where they should be -- I did it and I did it right -- and she won't walk --

GRAY
(beginning to understand)
Oh, it's the bit of a girl Fettes was talking about.

MACFARLANE
(thumping his hand on the table)
The same. Look here, Gray --

He picks up two glasses.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I fitted them together like this --
(he puts the two glasses together)
-- so that it was right. Yet she won't walk.

Gray looks at him. He is grinning his malicious grin. With a sudden sweep of his hand across the table he knocks down the glasses.

GRAY
You can't build life like you put together blocks, Toddy.

MACFARLANE
What are you talking about? I am an anatomist. I know the body. I know how it works.

GRAY
And you're a fool, Toddy -- and no doctor. It's only the dead ones that you know.

MACFARLANE
I am a doctor. I teach medicine.

GRAY
Like Knox taught you? Like I taught you? In cellars and graveyards? Did Knox teach you what makes the blood flow?

MACFARLANE
The heart pumps it.

GRAY
Did he tell you how thoughts come and how they go and why things are remembered and forgot?

MACFARLANE
The nerve centers -- the brain --

GRAY
But what makes a thought start?

MACFARLANE
(fuzzily)
In the brain, I tell you. I know.

GRAY
You don't know and you'll never know or understand, Toddy. Not from me or from Knox would you learn those things. Look --

He points to a mirror behind MacFarlane's head. MacFarlane looks into it.

jb

112 MIRROR SHOT showing MacFarlane looking at his own face and the evil face of Gray just behind him.

GRAY
Look at yourself, Toddy, could you be a doctor -- a healing man -- with the things those eyes have seen? There's a lot of knowledge in those eyes, but there's no understanding. You'd not get that from me.

MacFarlane whirls around.

113 ANOTHER ANGLE - MacFarlane facing Gray.

MACFARLANE
I am a doctor - a good doctor. I could make her walk, but she won't -- she won't --

GRAY
(almost kindly, as he pours a drink)
Here, have another glass, MacFarlane. I'll take you home and we'll be friends again -- now that you know that you're Knox's man and my friend -- aye, forever.

MacFarlane swallows the drink at a single draught.

MACFARLANE
I'm my own man and I'll have no more to do with you, Gray.

Gray lifts his eyebrows quizzically.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Why should I be afraid of you? What are you holding over me?

GRAY
I'll tell you what, Toddy. It's because I ran down the streets with the mud and the stones around my ears and the mob yelling for my blood. It's because you were afraid to face it -- and you're still afraid.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
No, I'm not afraid. Tell!
Shout it from the housetops!
(dropping his voice)
And remember this -- they
hanged Burke -- they mobbed
Hare -- but Dr. Knox is living
like a gentleman in London.

MacFarlane rises drunkenly to his feet. There is a threat of physical violence in his manner.

GRAY
(somewhat placatingly;
for the first time
not completely master
of the situation)
Aye, Toddy, there is something
in what you say.

MACFARLANE
There is much in what I say,
Gray. And if you have any regard
for your neck you'll leave now
and stay away from my house, my
school, and from me.

GRAY
I have no wish for a rope cravat.
I've never liked the smell of
hemp, so I'll bid you good night,
Doctor MacFarlane.

Gray picks up his hat and starts off out of scene. MacFarlane slumps back into his seat. His hand reaches out for the whiskey bottle. He starts to pour another drink.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAY'S STABLE - NIGHT

114 By the light of a single lantern, Gray is unharnessing his horse. He leads it out from between the shafts and into its stall. There is a furtive sound before him as the door to the street slowly moves open. He wheels quickly as a slight, hunched figure sidles through the door. Gray waits until the figure walks into the range of the lamp and is revealed as Joseph. Then he speaks.

GRAY
Ah -- Dr. MacFarlane's man --
A surprise visit, but come in --
come in.

He steps aside, and Joseph slowly moves over toward the stairway, looking around him.

115 MED. SHOT as Gray leads Joseph into the living quarters and looks curiously at Joseph, who returns the look with a sort of determined belligerence.

115 (CONTINUED)

GRAY
You're welcome to my little nest -- Joseph -- is it not? That's right -- you had something to say to me -- something very private.

JOSEPH
Yes.

GRAY
Now that is very interesting --
(with a gesture)
Take a chair, Joseph.

Joseph seats himself and Gray sits down opposite him. No sooner has he seated himself than the big white cat, his pet, comes and jumps upon his knee. Gray strokes it fondly.

JOSEPH
(looking around)
Can anyone hear what we say?

GRAY
(indicating the cat)
Only Brother.

JOSEPH
(bending toward him)
I know that you kill people to sell bodies.

Gray sits motionless except that the hand which rests upon the arm of his chair slowly tenses and that other hand which strokes the cat, stops at the cat's head. For a long moment he is silent, then he speaks very softly.

GRAY
You say you've come here on your own account? No one sent you? No one knows you are here?

JOSEPH
Give me money or I'll tell the police you murder the "subjects."

Again there is a silence as Gray studies him. By now, Gray's right hand relaxes. His left hand begins to stroke the cat. Finally, he smiles.

GRAY
Well, you shall have money, Joseph. Why should you not?

Still smiling, he very carefully takes the cat from his lap, sets it on the floor and rises. Joseph follows him with his eyes.

(CONT'D)

115 (CONTINUED)

GRAY (cont'd)
(crossing to the taboret for a bottle and two glasses)
I don't suppose the great Dr. MacFarlane is too free with his pay, is he?

He has come back with the bottle and filled a glass with brandy for each. He passes a glass into Joseph's hands.

GRAY (cont'd)
Here -- have some of this.

They both drink. Immediately, Gray refills Joseph's glass.

GRAY (cont'd)
(as he pours)
You want money and you shall have it.

He pulls a purse from his pocket and begins to count out notes and coins.

GRAY (cont'd)
Let me see -- five and five -- then in gold -- six all together. Shall we say sixteen pounds, Joseph?

Joseph, with the glass still at his lips, nods his head. Gray looks about as if seeking a point of vantage; then carefully sets himself in a straight-backed chair, facing and a little to the side of Joseph's chair. Joseph is in a low-cushioned chair. Gray, being above him, almost seems to hover over him. Gray leans forward to give him the money.

JOSEPH
I have made you give me money, but you smile. Aren't you angry?

GRAY
No, Joseph. I'm not angry - here -- another glass of brandy -- I'll wager it's better than the doctor's.

This time Gray fills Joseph's glass and drabbles a few drops into his own, but doesn't bother to pick it up.

GRAY (cont'd)
Drink up, man!

The liquor has begun to affect Joseph. He takes the third glass eagerly and drains it while Gray watches him in silence. As he puts the glass down, Gray begins to speak.

GRAY (cont'd)
I have an idea -- a splendid idea -- such an excellent idea that we must drink on it.

He fills the fourth glass. Joseph takes it but does not drink, as he is interested to hear Gray's proposition.

GRAY (cont'd)
You see -- I admire you, Joseph. Coming here shows courage. I'm looking for such a man -- but -- drink, Joseph, drink.

Joseph drinks. Again Gray keeps silent while he swallows the liquor. As Joseph puts down the glass, Gray hitches his chair forward an inch or two. Again he refills the glass; puts it into Joseph's unsteady hand.

GRAY (cont'd)
You and I should work together.

JOSEPH
You mean we would sell the bodies to the doctors together? Dig them up?

GRAY
(smiling)
No digging Joseph. The churchyards are too well guarded. We will "Burke" them.

JOSEPH
(puzzled)
Burke them?

GRAY
You are lately come to Scotland, Joseph?

JOSEPH
I come from Lisbon.

GRAY
But still you may have heard the peddlers of verse cry out their names on the streets.

He begins to sing in a rough croaking voice.

GRAY (cont'd)
"The ruffian dogs, the Hellish pair
The villian Burke, the meagre Hare --"

JOSEPH
I never heard that song. But what did they do?

GRAY
Eighteen persons they killed and sold the bodies to Dr. Knox at ten pounds for a large and eight pounds for a small. That's good business, Joseph.

Joseph nods appreciatively, then looks concerned.

JOSEPH
But where did they get those people?

GRAY
That was Hare's end. Ah, you should have seen him on the streets, when he saw some old beldam doop in drink how he cozened her!

He mimicks, tipping an imaginary hat.

GRAY (cont'd)
"A good-day to you Madame Tosspot, and would you like a little glass of something before you take your rest? Come with me to my house and I'll make you my guest. You shall have quarts to drink if you like."
(appreciatively)
Ah, how he cozened them.

JOSEPH
We could do that. But when he had them there, then what?

GRAY
(beginning to sing again)
"Nor did they handle axe or knife
To take away their victim's life ---
No sooner done than in a chest
They crammed their lately welcome guest."

Gray rubs his hands together.

JOSEPH
I don't understand the song. Tell me plain how they did it.

GRAY
(rising)
I'll show you how it was done, Joseph. -- I'll show you how they "Burked" them.

He reaches out for Joseph's face. Joseph interposes his arm.

cr (CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

GRAY (cont'd)
No, put your hand down. How can I show you, man!

Joseph lets his hand swing to his lap. Gray clasps Joseph's nose between thumb and forefinger, cupping Joseph's chin hard against the heel of his palm.

116 CLOSE SHOT - Joseph with Gray's hand holding his nose and mouth.

GRAY'S VOICE
This is how they did it, Joseph.

Suddenly his hand tenses. Joseph's eyes dilate with terror and his head jerks to one side violently as he attempts to tear his face from the grasp of Gray's hand.

117 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Gray steadily clutching Joseph's face. He throws himself upon the other man and the chair slowly goes backward.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE. The two men are on the floor. Gray is lying across the body of his victim, his hand still clutching Joseph's nose and mouth. Joseph struggles convulsively, throwing his arms and legs about, trying to get at Gray's body which lies athwart him. With his free hand Gray pins down Joseph's right hand. The man is helpless. The violence of his movements grows less and less. For a moment he is still; then he struggles again.

119 CLOSE SHOT - Joseph. He is making a final desperate effort to pull away from Gray's hand, then his face muscles relax. His eyes close.

120 CLOSE FULL SHOT - Gray and Joseph. Gray looks down at his victim. Joseph is at last unconscious. Gray gets to a kneeling posture, but still keeps his hand on Joseph's nose and mouth.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE. The cat walks up and rubs itself against Gray's left arm. He lets go of Joseph's hand and pats the cat, still keeping his grip on Joseph's mouth and nose.

122 CLOSE SHOT - Gray as he examines Joseph. Evidently, Joseph is dead enough to suit him and he lets go his grip.

123 FULL SHOT as Gray gets to his feet. He crosses the room to a cupboard, opens it and takes out a square of folded canvas. He starts back toward Joseph and stops on the way to pick up Joseph's glass from the taboret. He drinks the remainder of the liquor in it. Gray kneels down beside Joseph and begins to wrap the canvas about the body. Suddenly, a thought strikes him, and he puts his hand in Joseph's coat pocket. He fishes out the money he had given him. He begins wrapping the canvas around the body again.

DISSOLVE

INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL - NIGHT

124 FULL SHOT. The School is in darkness - except for thin moonlight which filters through the shutters, making strange pattern with the shadows. There is no sound until, abruptly, a key turns in the lock of the outside door. It opens and through it comes the figure of Gray in his stove-pipe hat and caped coat. Over his shoulder he carries a long, limp and apparently heavy bundle wrapped in sacking. Cautiously, without a sound he carries his grim burden toward the curtained recess.

125 MED. SHOT at recess. Gray comes into shot. He pushes his way through the curtain, which falls back into place, hiding him from view. Sounds come from behind the curtain; bumping, shuffling sounds. Then Gray's hand appears momentarily as it throws out a bundle of sacking. After a grunt of effort comes a heavy splash as something is dropped into the big vat o.s.

126 FULL SHOT - Gray, as he comes from the recess and starts across the anatomy room. When he reaches the stairs he pauses a moment, and then, instead of going toward the door, turns and starts up the stairs.

mh

DISSOLVE IN

INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

127 A single lamp is burning. Meg, in negligee and mob cap, sits in an arm chair busily knitting. Opposite her, in a low chair sits Gray, his whip in his hand and his hat on the back of his head. He is lounging in the chair and he has a glass of ale on the floor beside him. He drinks from it and puts it back on the floor. Meg looks up.

GRAY
You've no need to be so anxious, Meg. MacFarlane's been drunk and away before. He'll be home in good time. Meanwhile, you've got me to keep you company.

MEG
I'd call that no good fortune.

GRAY
There was a time, lassie -- a time when I used to bring the dashing young doctor to your door -- when you didn't feel so uncommon cold to your old friend Gray.

MEG
Why must you be at him all the time. Why does it please you?

GRAY
He's my friend. I like to see my friends -- I like to visit them --

There is the sound of the front door opening. Both look up. Heavy dragging footsteps sound in the hall.

MEG
Well, he's come home -- you've no excuse now to bear me company.

Gray makes no move to get out of his chair. MacFarlane stands in the doorway. He sees Gray.

MACFARLANE
What are you doing here? Have I not told you --

GRAY
Would you grudge me a glass with my old crony, Meg?

MEG
Crony indeed!

MACFARLANE
You can get out.

(CONTINUED)

127 (CONTINUED)

Gray rises leisurely.

GRAY
I brought you something tonight, MacFarlane -- an interesting specimen -- in very good condition.

MACFARLANE
I've ordered nothing from you.

GRAY
This is a gift.

MACFARLANE
I take no gifts from you.

GRAY
This is a gift you'll not return.

MACFARLANE
Get out of here!

GRAY
Wait, Toddy. That's not hospitable. I want to discuss business.

MACFARLANE
You are not to set foot in here again, Gray, for business or any other reason. And you're going out now!

He seizes Gray by the shoulder. Gray merely looks at him.

GRAY
(calmly)
I wouldn't do it, Toddy. I wouldn't be rough handed.

MacFarlane, somewhat taken aback by the calm and effrontery of the man, lets go of him.

GRAY (cont'd)
If you were to throw me out, it might become known that when the great Dr. MacFarlane finds his anatomy school without "subjects" -- he provides them himself and from the midst of his own household ---

128 NEW ANGLE - THREE SHOT - Gray's manner, fully as much as his ambiguous speech, has put an end to all thought of violence.

MACFARLANE
What the devil are you talking about?

Gray rises slowly.

GRAY
Take a look downstairs, Toddy. Take a look.

He turns and walks quietly out of the room. MacFarlane stares after him; then slowly a thought comes to him.

MACFARLANE
Fettes -- where is Fettes?

MEG
I'll get him.

She leaves quickly. When she has left, MacFarlane passes his hand over his eyes, trying to clear his whiskey-muddled brain; then he turns and starts for the door of the anatomy room.

INT. ANATOMY ROOM - NIGHT

129 The school is dark and empty; only moonlight enters from the windows. The night light is out. MacFarlane comes slowly down the stairs. As he reaches the foot of the steps, Fettes, in his bathrobe, comes to the head of the stairs, bearing a candle. MacFarlane turns to look at him.

MACFARLANE
Fettes, were you down here when Gray came?

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane starts for the alcove, and Fettes follows him. MacFarlane pulls the curtain aside.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Bring that candle over here.

130 MED. CLOSE SHOT - in the recess. It is very dark. The curtain is drawn back, and MacFarlane appears. The scene is suddenly illuminated as Fettes follows him, carrying the candle. The great vat is clearly visible as both men peer down into it.

131 CLOSE SHOT - the vat, SHOOTING DOWNWARD. Something is floating just beneath the liquid which comes nearly to the top of the vat. Light from the candle o.s. comes over the scene, and the thing below the surface is revealed as the dead face of Joseph.

132 TWO SHOT - MacFarlane, as he takes the candle from Fettes' hand.

MACFARLANE
(muttering)
-- a member of his household --

MacFarlane turns to Fettes.

MACFARLANE
Fettes, the more things are wrong, the more we must act as if everything were right. You must do with Joseph as you did with the street singer -- complete dissection -- a proper entry in the book--

FETTES
No.

MACFARLANE
What do you mean, Fettes?

FETTES
I'll have no more to do with it. I'll not put my neck into the noose, not even for your sake, Dr. MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
Don't be a fool. One can't begin and then stop -- and because that entry of the girl's body is in your hand, you'll do as I say. As for me, I'll tend to Gray.

MacFarlane turns and starts for the main portion of the anatomy room. At the curtain he stops, Meg is standing there, her eyes wide as she looks at the body of Joseph.

MEG
You're not going to Gray.

MACFARLANE
He must leave me alone.

He starts past her. She seizes hold of his arm, crying out.

MEG
No! No!

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

With a swoop of his arm he frees himself. Meg almost falls. She strikes against the wall, but recovers herself and starts after MacFarlane, but it is already too late. He is in the entryway, and a moment later there is the slam of the door. Meg stands trembling. Fettes comes up to her and takes her elbow to support her.

FETTES
Come, Mistress Cameron -- this is no place for you. I'll help you upstairs.

She lets him lead her to the stairway.

133 CLOSE TWO SHOT - on the stairway as Meg and Fettes start to ascend. Fettes is helping Meg. Suddenly she stops dead and stares into his face.

MEG
You must leave this house.

FETTES
I can't do that -- you heard MacFarlane.

MEG
Save yourself, Master Fettes -- look at MacFarlane and be warned.

FETTES
He's a great doctor -- a great man --

MEG
Is it a great man whom Gray can order to his bidding? Is it a great man who for very shame dare not acknowledge his own wife so that I must play maidservant for the world's sake and his success?

She makes a contemptuous gesture and goes on.

MEG (cont'd)
He could have been a great man -- a good man and a fine doctor, but there was always the shame of the old life and the old ways to hold him back -- and always Gray -- Gray to hound him to his death.

FETTES
You're over-excited, Mistress Cameron.

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

MEG
I'm cold as ice.

FETTES
But Gray's only a cab driver -- a Resurrection Man who robs graves to make a bit of money now and again.

MEG
If he were only that. The man's evil himself. Some day you'll know him as MacFarlane knows him -- for MacFarlane was to Knox as you are to him. That brought him close to Gray, he roistered with him and drank with him. Aye, and Gray even brought him to my door and my love. There is all that between them and more -- Burke and Hare and Knox --

FETTES
But that's long since. Gray can't threaten him with that.

MEG
Gray has no need to threaten. You remember the trial?

FETTES
I heard my parents speak of it in Thrums. It was a famous case.

MEG
And did you hear them speak of the porter who testified against Burke?

FETTES
Aye.

MEG
They did not tell you how that porter cried out in the witness box when the Kings Counselor pressed him hard -- how he cried out that he was shielding a gentleman of consequence.

Fettes shakes his head.

MEG (cont'd)
That porter was Gray and the gentleman of consequence who couldn't swallow the shame of it -- who took my last paltry savings to hire Gray --

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

FETTES

MacFarlane --

They stand for a moment looking at each other then she turns wildly toward Fettes and seizes his coat lapels.

MEG

Listen to me, Fettes, I'm one part befuddled with drink, one part over-heels in love with MacFarlane, and one part fey. You're a lowlander, Fettes, and you have no way of knowing what we Highlanders call the second sight.

FETTES

I've heard of it.

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

MEG
It's a gift to my people -- and I see MacFarlane and Gray -- the pit yawns for them and the flames -- and I would have you away from them and safe out of the torment.--

The two stand facing each other, Meg crushing the boy's coat lapels in her hands.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAY'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

134 It is very dark as Gray opens the door. For a moment his distinctive silhouette is in the doorway. Then he closes the door behind him and the room is again plunged into darkness except for a glow from the embers in the hearth. Gray crosses to the hearth. He takes a spill from the mantle, blows on the coals and lights the spill. Its flaring light reveals MacFarlane standing watching him. After a first momentary check of surprise, Gray, without a word, transfers the flame from the spill to a candle. He blows out the spill and sets it back on the mantle.

135 MED. SHOT with Gray in the f.g. and MacFarlane coming toward him. Gray has recovered his composure.

GRAY
(very softly)
This is -- unexpected, Toddy.

MacFarlane comes to a halt facing Gray. The CAMERA BEGINS TO CHEAT IN ON the pair.

MACFARLANE
(toneless)
I wanted to see you. You weren't here -- so I waited.

The two men survey each other in absolute silence. From o.s. near at hand, the cat mews.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SLIGHTLY WIDER ANGLE as Gray turns away, seating himself upon the arm of a chair. The cat comes into the shot and jumps up beside him

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(drawing closer)
What do you want of me, Gray?

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED)

GRAY
(smiling)
Want of you, Toddy? I want nothing of you.

136 TWO SHOT - Gray and MacFarlane. MacFarlane is tense, motionless. He stares down at Gray who sits at his ease stroking the cat, now purring on his knee.

MacFarlane makes an obvious effort to control himself, to speak calmly.

MACFARLANE
Gray, I must rid myself of you -- you've become a cancer -- a malignant, evil cancer -- rotting my mind.

GRAY
(pouring a drink for MacFarlane)
So, Toddy, you've made me a disease, eh?

MACFARLANE
(disregarding this sarcasm, but taking the proffered glass)
I can't understand your hurt to me -- but I must cut you out.

He drinks, sets down the glass. Gray watches him, gets up from his chair and stands before him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I will not leave here until I have finished with you, Gray. One way or another -- I must be sure that I am rid of you.

He pauses and looks at Gray.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
And if there is no other way --

Gray looks at MacFarlane, big and bulky in the small chair. He moves nervously.

GRAY
Surely you are not threatening an old friend, Toddy.

MACFARLANE
We have never been friends.

(CONTINUED)

136 (CONTINUED)

Gray moves over to the chair on which he sat when he "Burked" Joseph. He bends forward over the taboret and refills the doctor's glass.

GRAY
Have another glass of something good, Toddy.

MACFARLANE
I've drunk enough tonight.

GRAY
(putting the glass down on the taboret)
Another little drop'll never do you any harm.

Almost as if unconscious of his action, MacFarlane picks up the glass, sips, then drinks. Gray smiles.

MacFarlane sets down the glass. Gray immediately refills it. And again MacFarlane reaches for it, takes it into his hand.

GRAY (cont'd)
(softly)
Drink --

MacFarlane, without thought, brings the glass to his lips.

MACFARLANE
You're getting old, Gray, and it's a hard life driving a cab through these wet and windy streets of Edinburgh --

GRAY
I have other means of sustenance.

MACFARLANE
The Resurrection business? That may end sooner than you think. New laws may come.

Gray shrugs.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
What I was going to say is this -- wouldn't you be more comfortable at Leith in a neat little house?

GRAY
Would you bribe me to leave you be?

mt

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
I would make you rich.

GRAY
It wouldn't be half so much fun for me, Toddy, as to have you come here and beg --

MACFARLANE
(cutting in)
Beg -- beg of you! You crawling graveyard rat!

He chokes off the last speech and glares at Gray. He is almost trembling with the effort to control himself.

GRAY
Aye -- that is my pleasure.

As he speaks he is refilling MacFarlane's glass.

MACFARLANE
Well then -- I beg you -- I beseech you --

GRAY
(shaking his head and grinning)
But then I wouldn't have the fun of having you come here and beg again, Toddy.

They look at each other. MacFarlane bends over in his chair. Gray hitches himself forward a little on the table, ready, waiting, then relaxes as MacFarlane begins to speak.

MACFARLANE
But why, Gray? Why?

GRAY
Because it would be a hurt to me to see you no more, Toddy. You're a pleasure to me.

MACFARLANE
A pleasure to torment me?

GRAY
No -- a pride to know that I can force you to my will. I'm a small man -- a humble man -- and being poor, I've had to do much that I did not want to do. But so long as the great Dr. MacFarlane jumps at my whistle, that long am I a man -- and if I have not that, I have nothing. Then I am only a cabman and a grave-robber.

MacFarlane looks at him. As he looks, he realizes he has heard the truth and that Gray will never leave him in peace. Now he, in turn, attempts cunning. He moves forward in his chair as if wishing to put forth a convincing argument. MacFarlane starts to rise; his mind made up. Gray sees there is no longer any hope of forestalling violence. He throws himself forward and seizes him as he seized Joseph.

136A MED. FULL SHOT - MacFarlane and Gray. As MacFarlane rises Gray clings to him and gets his other arm about MacFarlane's neck. MacFarlane tries to shake him off; tries to twist away from him. The effort makes him lose his footing. They fall together.

136B CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane and Gray on the floor near the hearth. Gray still clings to him, every muscle tense. MacFarlane, with his hands under Gray's shoulders, heaves up trying to push the man off. He heaves once,

(CONTINUED)

136 B (CONTINUED)

twice, a third time and then lets his arms relax from the futile, enormous effort.

136 C TWO HEAD CLOSEUP - Gray and MacFarlane.

GRAY
Let be, Toddy. Let be. I have no wish to hurt you.

MacFarlane's eyes grow huge and fierce with anger. Now he tries to pummel Gray in order to free himself; raining blows on his back, his head and into his side. Gray grunts with each punishing blow, but never for a moment relaxes his grip. Finally the piston-like blows grow weaker, the flailing arms fail and MacFarlane drops his hands to the floor at his side, limp and relaxed.

136 D OMITTED.

136 E MED. CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane and Gray as MacFarlane, with great effort, throws his body to the left, toward the fireplace. The boiling kettle is upset and the steaming water thrown on both of them.

136 F CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane in agony as the water spurts over him.

136 G CLOSE SHOT - Gray. His face is twisted in torment and steam rises from his scalded flesh.

GRAY
Stay, Toddy -- don't force me to kill you -- I have need of you -- the great need of my pride.

136 H OMITTED.

136 I TWO SHOT - Gray and MacFarlane. MacFarlane's arms again relax. Gray smiles through the pain of his scalding.

GRAY
That's better Toddy. That's more reasonable.

He lets go his grip on MacFarlane's face. No sooner has he done so than MacFarlane throws him off with a violent movement. Both men scramble to their feet and face each other.

137 THE CAMERA SWINGS AWAY FROM the two men and FOCUSES ON the wall above a lowboy on which the white cat is sitting. The cat's great, round eyes seem to be surveying the struggle while above its head the shadows of the two men can be seen meeting, struggling, breaking off, rushing together again, and all the while there can be heard the sound of blows, hoarse breathing, gasps and hard ejaculations of breath. Then one indistinguishable figure picks up a chair. The chair breaks with a crash over the head of the other figure and that figure falls out of scene. Only one upright shadow remains above the head of the cat. That shadow picks up a cloak and top hat, puts them on and bends to pick up a body. The shadow of one man carrying the body of the other comes toward the cat, the shadow growing huge and out-figure on the wall. The cat's fur bristles. It arches its back and snarls.

DISSOLVE

INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL - NIGHT

138 Only the night light is burning over the door at the entry way. The school is lit by its swinging light. Out in the street can be heard the familiar clop-clop of Gray's horse and the ringing of the iron wheels on the roadway. The CAMERA on DOLLY TRACK MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD the entry door. The outer door can be heard opening. There is rustle and noise in the dark entryway. By this time the CAMERA is CLOSEUP on the door as MacFarlane with a canvas-wrapped bundle on his shoulder comes through the doorway, and goes to a FULL CLOSEUP of his face. He starts forward.

139 MED. FULL SHOT - MacFarlane as he throws the body down onto the table. He stands there for a moment looking down at it, then the noise of a door opening on the stair landing causes him to turn and look up.

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140 MED. FULL SHOT - the stairway. Meg is seen at the head of the stairs, looking down.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE - MacFarlane is seen from Meg's viewpoint.

MACFARLANE
Where is Fettes?

142 MED. FULL SHOT - the stairway as Meg begins to descend.

MEG
He's gone. I sent him away. I'll not see another boy harried and torn and made miserable like you, Toddy.

MacFarlane looks at her as she descends the stairs. There is a silence as she crosses the room. She comes to stand beside the table.

MEG (cont'd)
(pointing to the bundle)
You've been with Gray again.

MACFARLANE
Aye.

Meg turns away as if to start for the stairs. He stops her.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You'd better look at the face.

She looks at him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
You'd better.

Meg resolutely walks up to the table, lifts the canvas and looks down at the face.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
I'm rid of him forever.

Meg looks at him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
He'll not come here again -- sneaking and whining and bullying.

Meg is still silent.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Now he'll serve a good purpose -- and tomorrow when the last bit of him is dissected, demonstrated and detailed in the students' notebooks, then at last there's an end to him.

(CONTINUED)

142 (CONTINUED)

Meg still looks at him silently and thoughtfully, then with a slight shake of her head she starts away.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(rubbing his hands together)
Next day I'll take his horse and cab to sell at the Pennycuick fair.
(pauses; then makes an expansive movement with his hands)
Then not a trace left -- rid of him forever --

At the foot of the stairs, Meg turns to him.

MEG
You're not rid of him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE RAMPARTS - DAY

143 A little boy rolling a hoop goes past the camera. Behind him come racing a little covey of children, laughing and shouting. When they have passed the camera, Fettes enters the scene. He is dejected. His hands are in his pockets and his head is down as he walks toward Georgina and her mother. Georgina is in her wheelchair. Her head is turned as she watches the children run out of sight.

FETTES
Good morning, Mrs. Marsh.

MRS. MARSH
Good morning, Mr. Fettes.

GEORGINA
I thought this was a school day.

FETTES
I am not at the school anymore. I left last night.

Mrs. Marsh looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

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143 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MARSH
Left Dr. MacFarlane?

Fettes nods. Mrs. Marsh looks at him and then takes his elbow.

MRS. MARSH
(to Georgina)
Play by yourself a little.
I'd like to speak to Mr. Fettes.

144 DOLLY SHOT - as Fettes and Mrs. Marsh walk slowly away from Georgina.

MRS. MARSH
This is serious, Donald. What has happened?

Fettes shakes his head.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)
It's not because of Georgina -- because of Dr. MacFarlane's failure?

FETTES
It's not the failure. I feel that MacFarlane has taught me nothing. He taught me the mathematics of anatomy but he couldn't teach me the poetry of medicine.

145 MED. FULL SHOT - Georgina. She is playing with her doll. Suddenly, from far below her she hears the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs and the rumble of iron wheels. She looks up and listens.

146 MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes and Mrs. Marsh.

FETTES
That's why I don't want to go on. I feel MacFarlane had me on the wrong road -- a road that led to knowledge but not to healing. If there had been any healing in the man, Georgina would be walking now.

147 SHOT - Georgina. She is listening intently. The hoof beats are right underneath her at the base of the castle wall. She tries to look over the parapet; cannot. She calls out.

GEORGINA
Mommie! Mommie!

148 MED. FULL SHOT - Mrs. Marsh and Pettes. They are talking intently together. Mrs. Marsh is holding her parasol in such a way that it is between her and Georgina. Georgina's call comes very faintly over their conversation. Neither of them turns toward the child.

MRS. MARSH
I think it was the pain of the operation more than anything else -- she's afraid that if she stands the pain will come again. Nothing Dr. MacFarlane could ever do would take that out of her mind.

149 CLOSE SHOT - Georgina. The hoof beats are beginning to recede. There is a slight wind blowing. She turns around to look at her mother and calls again.

GEORGINA
Mommie! Mommie!

There is no answer. She turns her head back toward the battlements; tries to peer over them and fails. Then, placing a hand on each arm of her little chair, she lifts herself to a sort of standing-sitting position. She tries to look over the wall again. Again she fails. She turns to call to her mother.

GEORGINA (cont'd)
Mommie -- the white horse -- I'm sure it's the white horse --

150 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Pettes and Mrs. Marsh.

PETTES
Even so, I could never think of going on -- I've got to find some other profession.

MRS. MARSH
It is a pity.

151 SHOT - Georgina. She has gotten herself to the same semi-erect position she had before and now in her desperate effort to see over the battlement, she suddenly straightens her knees; her hands lift off the arms of the chair. Without knowing it, she is standing. She tries again to look over the wall and again the height and distance is too much for her. Completely unconscious of what she is doing, she takes a forward step and from this vantage point she can look over the wall. She turns back with disappointment on her face. She calls to her mother.

GEORGINA
Mommie -- it was another horse.

152 CLOSE FULL SHOT - Fettes and Mrs. Marsh with the child in the b.g. They see the child standing. Mrs. Marsh makes a wordless exclamation of joy. She doesn't even dare to move for fear this might be a vision.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE - Fettes, Mrs. Marsh and Georgina. Mrs. Marsh and Fettes run in.

154 CLOSE FULL SHOT - of the three.

FETTES
You're standing, Georgina.

The child looks down, sees that she is standing and almost instantly grabs at the chair for support. Very gently, Fettes pulls it away.

FETTES (cont'd)
You'll not need that again, Georgina.

GEORGINA
(excited and almost in tears)
I wanted to see the white horse --

Fettes and Mrs. Marsh kneel down close to the child. Mrs. Marsh takes her into her arms. Fettes rises to his feet, his face is full of enthusiasm and excitement. His voice trembles with the keenness of accomplishment.

FETTES
(wildly excited)
I've got to tell Dr. MacFarlane. I've got to tell him.

DISSOLVE

INT. MACFARLANE'S HALLWAY - DAY

155 There is the ringing of a doorbell. Meg comes down the stairs. She crosses the hall and opens the door. Fettes stands there. Meg holds the door open for him to enter and closes it behind him.

FETTES
Mistress Cameron -- you'll not believe it, but the child has walked -- stood and walked. I must tell Dr. MacFarlane.

He starts forward as if to go on into the study. Meg stops him with her hand on his arm.

MEG
He's not home.

FETTES
Where can I find him?

MEG
You don't want to find him. Your news will keep until I tell him.

FETTES
But I must tell him -- he must know of it. Please -- tell me where he is.

MEG
There's no standing between a fool and his folly. If you must babble your news to him he's at the Fisherman's Tryst. It's the inn at Pennycuik. You can use MacFarlane's horse and gig to get there. He'll welcome the ride back.

FETTES
(already starting to turn; still very much excited)
At Pennycuick. I know the inn. I can be there in an hour.

MEG
(bitterly)
And back with MacFarlane and all that he stands for the next day.

She opens the door for Fettes and closes it after him.

DISSOLVE OUT

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DISSOLVE IN

INT. INN OF THE FISHERMAN'S TRYST - NIGHT

156 It is a long, low-raftered room with a fire of logs burning on the hearth. Outside the wind can be heard blowing and shrilling. A considerable company has gathered for warmth and food.

157 MED. CLOSE SHOT - an amiable rustic, a horse dealer, who stands, booted with whip in hand, talking to several fellow bumpkins while the maidservant of the inn serves them ale from a large wooden tray. Their wet clothes are steaming from the heat of the fire.

HORSE DEALER
A sound horse and a closed carriage -- and after I'd talked with him a bit I had his price down to four pounds and ten.

He laughs.

HORSE DEALER (cont'd)
And worth every bit of ten pounds.

He lifts a tankard from the tray.

MAIDSERVANT
Surely, Angus, a man who had won so great a victory in a horse deal would buy the poor loser a drink.

HORSE DEALER
(taking it big as he throws a coin onto the tray)
Take him a pot of ale.

MAIDSERVANT
Ale for a gentleman? It's only French brandy he'd be drinking, and that will be two more shillings, Angus.

Very reluctantly Angus takes out the additional money. The girl starts out of scene and the CAMERA PANS WITH her to show MacFarlane seated at a small table at the other side of the hearth. He has just finished dinner and is pushing his plate away from him. The maidservant comes up to him.

MAIDSERVANT (cont'd)
The man who bought your horse would like you to have a glass of French brandy at his charge.

(CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE
Now that's very civil of him!

At the other side of the hearth the louts around the horse dealer strike up a song. Outside there is the sound of a horse clattering into the courtyard, then the muffled shouts as the driver reins the horse in and the hostler goes to his head. Both MacFarlane and the maidservant listen and look toward the door. The door swings open and Fettes stands there, his clothes drenched with rain. As he enters, he shakes the water from his hat. He sees MacFarlane and goes over to him quickly, excited and smiling.

FETTES
Doctor -- the little Marsh girl stood and walked -- really stood and walked --

MacFarlane makes way for Fettes on the settle. Fettes sits down quickly.

MACFARLANE
What's that you say?

FETTES
The little girl -- she couldn't walk far -- the muscles are too weak -- but she did stand and she took a step or two.

MACFARLANE
(very excited)
I knew it -- I knew it -- The moment I was rid of him --

FETTES
What?

MACFARLANE
Gray -- I'm rid of him --

Fettes looks at him, puzzled.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(guarding his thoughts)
Just that -- just that -- I've managed to get him to leave Edinburgh -- he'll bother me no more.

He rubs his hands together.

The maidservant has returned with a bottle of brandy and two glasses. MacFarlane pours one for himself and Fettes

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157 (CONTINUED)

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Drink.

Fettes picks up his glass.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Here's to a good riddance.

They both drink.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
Now that he's gone, I'll be a new man, Fettes, and a better teacher. The doctors from my school will perform miracles --

The door opens and a party of five people dressed in rough mourning come in out of the weather. The maidservant, with a show of solicitude, ushers them to a table at the far end of the inn, then crosses quickly to where the horse dealer is.

MAIDSERVANT
Sh-h-h! Still your song, lads -- the MacCroadys are here and they've come from burying the old woman in Glencorse Kirkyard.

They stop singing and look over with sympathetic glances at the burial party.

158 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane. MacFarlane looks from the boys around the fire to the burial party.

MACFARLANE
See that, Fettes?

FETTES
A burial party -- poor people -- it's hard to bury a loved one on a rainy day when the churchyard is so cold and lonely.

MACFARLANE
Glencorse -- that's a lonely cemetery, Fettes, not a soul around for miles.

(CONTINUED)

158 (CONTINUED)

FETTES
They'll be thinking of that, too.

MACFARLANE
Tosh! Fettes! It's not their grief I'm worrying about -- I'm talking of our own ends --

FETTES
You've no thought of going there?

MACFARLANE
Did you think Gray was the only one who could handle a mattock and shovel? I've had some practice in the art.

FETTES
(protesting)
You couldn't do that, Doctor.

MACFARLANE
(rising)
I pass up no opportunities. I've a whole course of lectures in mind for you fellows. We'll need subjects to demonstrate. Come along.

FETTES
No.

MACFARLANE
Why not? I must have subjects. It's the only way I can teach. It's the only way you can learn. The stupidity of the people -- the idiocy of their laws -- will not stop me -- nor will they force me to deal with such reptilian creatures as Gray. We can do our own dirty work -- and we must.

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane starts for the door and after a little pause, Fettes rises and follows him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

159 FULL SHOT. The thunder increases in volume throughout the scene. In extreme b.g. two figures can be seen intermittently.

160 CLOSE SHOT - grave. The headstone is brand new but the mound beneath it has been demolished, leaving a ragged gaping hole. A spade comes down into picture with vicious force. As it is raised with its burden of earth:

MACFARLANE'S VOICE
(triumphant)
So we can't do without Mister Gray -- So I'd never be rid of him, eh?

161 CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane and Fettes as they work over the grave. MacFarlane's spade thumps against wood.

MACFARLANE
A-ah!

He jumps down into the grave, the CAMERA TILTING DOWN CUTTING OUT Fettes. MacFarlane is levering up the edge of the coffin with his spade. As the wood gives, there is a tremendous clap of thunder immediately overhead, followed by a solid deluge of rain.

EXT. ROAD - NEAR CEMETERY - NIGHT

162 MED. FULL SHOT. The storm is raging. In the f.g. is MacFarlane's carriage, the horse tethered to the fence. Whickering, intensely nervous, he is looking o.s. toward the cemetery. Shuffling footsteps come over shot and the horse's fear increases.

163 MED. SHOT - at side of carriage as MacFarlane and Fettes come into scene carrying a heavy burden, wrapped in canvas.

FETTES
(hoarsely)
Where shall we put it? In the back?

MACFARLANE
No room there. We'll have to set it between us.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

164 FULL SHOT - The storm is continuing unabated. A narrow, twisting road runs down the hillside, and the terrain is desolate and rocky. Horse's hooves are heard and MacFarlane's carriage comes into the scene, going down the hill.

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INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

165 CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. He is driving, his head thrust forward to see the road. The CAMERA PANS, VERY SLIGHTLY to show what is next to him; something wrapped in a thin sheet of canvas; something which sits limply; something which shows the unmistakable shape of a human body beneath its covering. It is held by Fettes' hand which is just in shot. The CAMERA PANS again to show Fettes. His teeth are clenched; his eyes closed.

166 MED. SHOT - showing both men and the thing between them. The horse is trotting fast and as the carriage turns a bend, the thing lunges heavily against MacFarlane's shoulder.

MACFARLANE
(savagely)
Keep it off me, will you!

-- EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

167 FULL SHOT - Still the storm - even fiercer. MacFarlane's carriage, the horse galloping, comes down the hill, swaying and lurching. The pace is much too fast for the going.

INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

168 MED. SHOT. It is very dark. MacFarlane is hauling at the reins with all his strength.

MACFARLANE
(savage)
What's got into this animal!

169 CLOSE SHOT - Fettes. He is still holding the thing o.s.

170 THREE SHOT. The carriage sways violently and the thing between the men, its outlines barely distinguishable, seems to twist out of Fettes' grip. It sags against MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE
Keep it off me!

Forced to keep both hands on the reins, MacFarlane tries to thrust the thing away with his shoulder. But it still keeps falling against him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(shouting)
Keep it off me, I say!

Fettes makes an effort to hold on to the corpse.

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171 MED. FULL SHOT - the carriage going along the road; the horse proceeding at a hard trot. The hoof beats ring out rhythmically.

172 THREE SHOT - PROCESS - Fettes, MacFarlane and the corpse. The rhythmic hoof beats sound very loud as the two men drive on in silence. Fettes makes a desperate effort to hold the corpse away from MacFarlane, but it keeps bumping into the doctor. Through the hoof beats and in the same rhythm comes the voice of Gray on the sound track.

GRAY'S VOICE
You'll not get rid of me that way -- that way -- that way -- that way --

MacFarlane shakes his head as if to clear it of this remembered voice; these well-remembered words.

173 CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. His eyes are wide with apprehension and fear. He glances down at the wrapped corpse as it bumps against him. He draws away, shivering. Over the sound track Gray's voice still sounds beating on the ear with the same rhythm as the hoofs on the road. MacFarlane pulls up on the reins.

174 THREE SHOT - As MacFarlane turns to Fettes the carriage comes to a halt.

MACFARLANE
(making an effort to arrive at speech)
Fettes -- for Mercy's sake, let's have a light!

Fettes looks over at his companion. He has never seen MacFarlane in this state before and the younger man is puzzled.

FETTES
All right.

He climbs over the sill into the roadway.

175 MED. FULL SHOT - the carriage as Fettes tries to strike a light in the pouring rain and howling wind. He finally gets a taper going and touches it to the lamp wick. The lamp flares for a moment.

176 TWO SHOT - MacFarlane and the corpse.

MACFARLANE
It's changed! I swear it! It's changed, Robbie.

177 REVERSE SHOT - Fettes as he looks up puzzled.

FETTES
Changed? Changed to what?

178 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - MacFarlane and the corpse with Fettes at a lower level.

MACFARLANE
Let's have that lamp.

Fettes undoes it from the dashboard and lifts it up over his head to cast a light on the corpse.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)
(looking down at the bundle)
This is not a woman!

FETTES
(matter-of-factly)
It was a woman when we put her in.

MACFARLANE
(somewhat wildly)
Hold that lamp up -- I must see her face.

He tears open the sacking.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT of Fettes. He is looking up holding the lantern high over his head, but is unable to see anything over the high dashboard except MacFarlane's face. Suddenly, MacFarlane pulls back and on his face there is such a look of anguish and terror that Fettes cries out in alarm.

FETTES
Dr. MacFarlane!

180 REVERSE SHOT - Now the face of the dead woman can be seen with MacFarlane looking down at it in horror as slowly it turns to the dark, well-moulded features and smooth-shaven cheeks of the familiar countenance of Gray. A wild yell breaks from MacFarlane's lips.

MACFARLANE
Gray -- Gray --

181 MED. FULL SHOT - the horse and carriage. The nervous horse bolts. Fettes tries to dodge out of the way. The lamp falls and breaks and in the darkness the carriage goes bounding past him and away. He stands looking after it, then breaks into a run, following the runaway.

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182 CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. He is fighting to control the horse. But, as the carriage rocks, the thing against his shoulder moves; either by reason of the violent motion or of some frightful volition of its own.

The canvas wrapping slips, slides away and reveals again the head and naked torso of Gray.

The pace increases even more. MacFarlane sees the dreadful metamorphosis and a strangled cry breaks from his throat.

The carriage sways again and the arms come free from the canvas. Another swerve, another lurch and they have fallen limply around MacFarlane's neck.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

183 FULL SHOT - a hairpin turn, with cliff-wall to one side, a sheer drop to the other. The carriage, the horse beyond control, cannot take it at the speed. It strikes the cliff, a wheel breaks loose, the braces tear apart, the horse staggers, runs on free, the carriage tilts sickeningly, stands on end, rolls over the edge and plunges down to destruction.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

184 Fettes has managed to get the lamp going again and is running along the road, following the wheel tracks in the rain-soaked earth. He comes upon a bit of wreckage and stops. He listens, then walks over to the edge of the cliff. He holds his lantern well over the edge and peers down. Then he starts down the cliff side.

EXT. THE CLIFF SIDE - NIGHT

185 MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes as he scrambles down, holding the lantern at arm's length to protect it from the rough rocks and the heather. He comes to a slightly more level space and stops. He looks down.

186 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING DOWNWARD FROM Fettes' viewpoint. MacFarlane's body, obviously without life, is lying flat on its back, arms and legs outspread. And, lying against his chest, is something wrapped in canvas. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY DOWN UNTIL IT IS CLOSE, showing beyond all doubt that not only has the canvas never been disturbed, but also that it is the woman's body which it covers.

FADE OUT

THE END

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